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THE SERENADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. F. F.

One clear and cold December night,
When all the hills and vales were white,
I stood 'neath where my lady lay,
And sang to her this roundelay:—

Dearest one 'neath the sun,
Be your sleep by angels guarded;
Pure I know, as the snow,
Are the thoughts that fill your bosom.
Prithee thee, think of me,
Dream that I am 'neath your window;
Dream that you love me too,
As I love you now, my darling.
Dream that I now am nigh,
That in fancy I caress you.
Luna pale, hill and dale,
Lights up with her mellow shining;
So your love, from above,
Lights my heart up into gladness.
Dearest one 'neath the sun,
Be your sleep by angels guarded.

And gazing upward then, I saw
A sight an anchorite would thaw,
Framed in the window, up above—
Stood, looking down on me, my love
In her drapery of white,
Looking like an angel bright;
Hiding 'neath her flowing hair
The beauty of her bosom bare;
Blushes mantling up her face,
As, with a sweet, bewitching grace,
In answer to my loving lay,
She sang to me this roundelay:—

What is this song of bliss
That you sing beneath my window?
Do not sigh, know that: I
Love you fondly, madly, blindly.
All my form now is warm
With the hot glow of my loving,
What would you have me do
To convince you of my passion?
By that tree climb to me,
And I'll kiss away all doubting;
Do but try, see that I
Stretch my arms out to receive you.
Oh! the bliss of the kiss,
When our lips shall clng together
In my arms, to my charms,
I will press you gladly, fondly;
On my breast you shall rest
From the weariness of climbing.

God bless the noble old elm tree,
That bore me to felicity;
May no rude winds e'er blow it down,
But may it lift its arms so brown
To heaven, for ages yet to come,
As if it prayed the gods, though dumb,
The hearts of lovers true to soothe,
And make the course of love run smooth.

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH;

OR,

THE BAR MAID AND THE TEAMSTER.

A CALIFORNIA DETECTIVE'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I don't think I was ever out in a hotter day in America than the one of which I am about to write. The sun had been pouring down streams of fiery light that made me thank my stars I was not in "Force" uniform, though, as it was, the heat burning through the tweed coat on my back made it feel as if it was cast iron, and was rivetted upon my body. My poor animal felt the fatigue and almost insufferable heat quite as much as I did, I dare say, while the flies, those tormenting nuisances of bush life, mostly drove both him and me mad.

Very beautiful in early morning is the green, scattered "bush" of the State of California. A thousand beauties may be freshly discovered, as it were, at every fresh mile of travel. In one spot grand, crooked old trees lean caressingly over some tortuous and glistening creek, or stand sentinel over their own still reflections in the placid waters. Early birds call to each other from scented golden wattles, or wash themselves in the shadows of the old gum trees upon the edge of the creek. If it is the season for the stately magpie, he utters those delicious gurgles of music that cannot be compared with the notes of any other bird in the wide world, or stalks proudly over the grassy slopes, as if he really believed he and his were monarchs of all they surveyed.

Well, I cannot be sure that you will exactly know what I am driving at, but I am coming to the point. After assuring you that I admire the beauty of bush scenery as much as any one, when it is really admirable and enjoyable, I defy any man living to picture to himself or to endure a more delectable ordeal than a ride through that very same beautiful bush scenery on the sort of day it was when my story commences. Over a long, broad, treeless plain, we will say, with the sun burning up every blade of grass dry and brown, and pouring down upon your miserable head; or on a lonely track, where only now and then a tree comes aggravatingly near the road, to make you wish for shade, if it were but for one moment! I say aggravatingly, for I do think that, with respect to shade, those same eucalypti are the most aggravating trees in the universe.

Fortunately I was in no hurry on that particular day. I was returning from the successful accomplishment of a troublesome piece of police business, and was only anxious to get to my destination for the night, and over the seemingly interminable day of heat I had just passed through; but had I been upon the most urgent business in the world, it would have been next to impossible for my poor horse to have galloped many miles at a stretch, with the thermometer standing as high as it did that day.

Poor Vino! I fancy I see her now as we neared the lonely bush inn, where she was as certain as I was myself of rest and refreshment. She was a glossy bright bay, strongly built and yet a half blood; and although she was not branded with the United States government on her silky coat, she had been in the Force many years. She was a detective's animal, and I had ridden her for most of the seven years during which I had seen American police service.

I do believe she was almost as good a detective as I was myself, and I am not ashamed to own that her sagacity and instinct, or whatever you choose to name it, gave me many a hint, of which I never found it to my disadvantage to avail myself.

The sun then was just dipping below the tops of the trees as Vino pricked up her ears with a glad whinny, and I perceived, away through the heavy timber that was thickly scattered over the grassy plain over which we passed, the long, weather boarded "Californian Hotel," which was my destination for the night. I had been there before, but in such different guise that I had no fear of mine host recognising me; nor did I much care though he should, save that the usual caution of a detective officer made me prefer secresy, with a view to some possible future contingency.

As we neared the hotel, I perceived a bullock dray approaching it from an opposite direction to that in which I myself traveled, and just as I drew up at the door the team also came to a halt in front of it; while the driver, leisurely tumbling himself off the empty dray, proceeded into the bar, one might guess for the purpose of obtaining a drink. All this was very natural, and there was nothing very suspicious about it; but as this man passed Vino, from whose back I had just alighted, she turned her head sideways, with a suspicious twist, that I well knew, and gave a snuff at the man's back, pretty much as a dog might do when he happened to come in contact with a person who, his instinct told him, was not his friend and master.

This was quite enough for me, and as I threw the bridle over the hook, I took a closer survey of the bullock driver. He was a young, fair haired, and soft featured man, certainly not more than twenty-seven years old, dressed in the usual careless dress of a teamster, and the expression in his face was of listless dreaminess, in short, just such an expression as one might expect to see in the face of a man of little intelligence, who passed most of his time on the monotonous roads of a bush country.

As I entered the bar he brushed for a pint of beer, and receiving it, sat down on a bench that ran along the wall, seemingly absorbed in imbibing it, and gazing listlessly out at his bullocks. Casting but a glance at him as I passed, I informed the landlord of my intention of passing the night there, and requested that my horse might be carefully attended to.

I have already spoken of my tweed coat. I was dressed in a suit of tweed, and to all appearance might have been a comfortable farmer, or a country storekeeper, on my vato, or from transacting some business connected with my livelihood, at the not very distant large township.

"It's been a terrible hot day, landlord," I observed, as I availed myself of its drink I had ordered.

"Frightful, sir," he replied, glancing at the thermometer that hung in the bar behind him. At two o'clock the glass stood at one hundred and twelve, and I say that's too hot for any white man."

"Or a black one either, I guess," answered I, seating myself carelessly. "Well, will you see about my animal if you please? By and bye, when I get a bit cool, I'll go out and see she's all right myself."

The landlord left to see after Vino, and I remained sipping my brandy and water, and slyly watching the bullock driver, who still kept silence opposite. His eyes seemed to be fixed upon the belt of the forest which skirted the grass at a little distance, and had it not been for the entire absence of any intellectual appearance of face or expression, one might have fancied he was engaged in trying to solve some knotty problem, to the entire forgetfulness of everything around him.

At this moment a female entered the bar. I am not one to forget faces readily; it is my trade to remember, and I recollected to having seen the very same face when I visited the Californian Hotel before. The woman was a quiet, staid looking person, of about thirty years of age, precise in her movements, and rather slow. She was quite respectable looking, but had not a single iota of the too common "flashiness" of a female bar-tender.

Very possibly the landlord had sent her in to attend to the bar just then; at any rate she commenced in a mechanical sort of way to rinse out some glasses, and to polish them in the same mechanical sort of a manner, without lifting her eyes, that I could observe, from her employment. My seat commanded a view of both her and the bullock driver it is true, but my thoughts were engaged so entirely with the latter, that I paid little attention to the bar-maid; and she was not one of those obtrusive ones, who, for the good of the house, will insist upon making themselves conspicuous.

My man, however, appeared so completely absorbed in his pint and himself, and manifested so little inclination to move, that at length I turned my regards towards the female. At the moment I did so, she lifted her eyes carelessly toward the door, and something she saw there distended them, with some feeling of terror, while her cheeks grew ashy pale, and her lips rigid as stone; the glass in her hand, too, had almost escaped her fingers, but with a strong effort she replaced it upon the tray, and caught hold of the counter as if to support herself while she turned a piercing quick glance first toward me, and then toward the bullock man; *there* her eyes rested.

Naturally I looked out at the door to see what had occasioned the strange change in the woman's quiet face. I saw nothing that could possibly have affected her, turn it any way I would. The patient looking bullocks were standing drowsily under their heavy yokes, directly in front of the entrance, and nothing else was in view, save a patch of grassy land over their backs, and farther away the green bush, now beginning to look dimmer, as the sun had nearly set, and was throwing long shadows beneath the trees.

I own to being completely puzzled, but was beginning to be quite in my element. I *like* to be puzzled: and the detective instinct has grown so strong with habit, that to perceive there is a secret, is to give me an insatiable craving to find it out.

I could not fancy the bar-maid was acquainted with the man, for the gaze she fixed on him was not one, in which was an anxiety to discover some trace of an old acquaintance it was a look with which one might regard a person in some way notorious, to find out what constituted his peculiar difference from other of his fellow men; and yet the woman's eyes still retained that strange terror with which she had first seen the unknown something in her look-out through the doorway.

All this you will understand scarcely occupied a moment of time, and after her quick, strange survey of the bullock driver, the woman sauntered idly, as it were, round the counter and stood in the doorway. She looked first up the road and then down it, and then she looked directly before her. Of course I could but judge from the movement of her head, as I was now behind her, but whatever she looked at, she remained but a moment and then returned to the bar.

My friend, the driver, now began to show symptoms of a move. He lifted the long handled whip which he had leaned against the seat, and went to look out at the door likewise, and then he returned to the bar and called for a drop of spirit. Tossing it off at a mouthful, as it were, he appeared to have reached some determination, for as soon as he had swallowed it he walked outside and commenced rapidly to unyoke his bullocks.

There was a verandah in front of the public house, and finishing my glass I strolled out, with my hands in my pockets, to watch my friend, the driver, in his arrangements.

"They are a fine team, mate," I observed, "and in good condition. I wouldn't care if I had such another. Horses are no good in rough bush land, where mine lies. You're going to camp here to-night?"

"Yes," he answered quietly. "I did think of pushing on farther, but 'tis later than I thought, and the day's been so terrible hot the cattle's regular baked."

"I think you're right. There's plenty of feed here, and water, too, I think," and I moved inside to order supper.

There was no business doing to distract my attention from my chief present interest, the bullock driver. In that quiet bush inn, dependent upon stray travellers, or perhaps the occasional wasted cheques of a shepherd or farm hand, there was scarcely a movement on that particular evening; and my supper and Vino attended to, I sat down in the bar, and while indulging in a conversation with the landlord, watched the man outside as he made all his arrangements for passing the night.

He had taken the dray a little further on before he unyoked his cattle, and now stood almost close to the stable of the house. I saw him drive two bullocks to water, and then fasten on their bells and turn them out. I watched him return and unfold the tarpaulin that lay upon the dray, and spread it over it, while his blankets were spread beneath, to form a primitive but accustomed couch. In all this, as yet, I was at fault; but I never believed that Vino's sagacity was, or doubted for a moment that my watch would be rewarded.

During the time the man was so employed I often spared a curious glance at the movements of the barwoman. Her demeanor seemed as calm and unruffled as ever; but I observed that her whole thoughts were occupied with the same object that formed the subject of my watch. She made many excuses to visit the bar, and once, with a glass in her hand, which she still kept polishing with that circular movement that bar tenders affect, she went to the door and stood a considerable time, looking intently over the now grazing cattle, with an occasional glance at the teamster as he prepared his bed for the night.

At length he retired under his tarpaulin, and I too expressed a wish to be shown to my room. It was one of a small row of bed-chambers, built in a style frequently to be met with in country public houses in the Isle of California, viz.: of weather board, with iron roof, and almost detached from the main building. Each room was provided with a door of its own that opened into the yard, a rather unpleasant arrangement, especially during wet weather, when you require an umbrella to reach the dining room, but one which exactly suited my plans at that moment.

My room was the very last of the row, and it was within a few feet of the stable that lay between me and the road where the teamster was camped. No sooner had I gained it, than I took an opportunity, in the now gathering darkness, of passing out again, locking the door, putting the key in my pocket and entering the stable, where Vino and another horse were contentedly munching their feed. In the stable was an aperture, constructed, as is usual, for throwing out the manure, and this opening was almost close to the dray in which I was interested.

Placing myself in as easy a position as I could, I commenced a watch, for what I should have been puzzled to tell. I was certainly determined to watch the bullock driver; but what I expected to discover was at that time as much a mystery to me as what I *did* discover is to you at this moment.

The darkness, as I have said, was gathering; indeed it had gathered, and now there was nothing but a host of clear bright stars to illuminate it, but not a cloud in the whole magnificent firmament. I waited there quietly until every sound of life had died out in the hotel, and every light was extinguished, and my patience was beginning to be almost exhausted, when a rustle of the tarpaulin attracted my quick ear. In the starlit obscurity I could perceive the teamster cautiously emerge from his lair, and peer carefully around before he raised himself to his full height from under the dray. Once satisfied, however, that everything was quiet, he started off quickly in the direction of the bush, and I, bounding through the opening of the stable, was on his track as rapidly.

It might have been his bullocks he was looking after, for all I knew, for he was proceeding directly toward the sound of their tinkling bells; but if so, why all that caution, as he left the dray, and why his anxiety to steal under every bush or tree he met? It was to solve this question that I followed his example and kept as much in the shadow as I could; and it was fortunate that I did so, for the man's haste did not prevent him from stopping occasionally, and casting a quick glance behind him, although, strange to say, he seemed to hesitate more as he *neared* the forest than he had done as he left his dray.

It was but a few moments ere he reached the darker bush, and there he paused out of breath, as I could hear him panting as I stood within 50 feet of him, behind a huge trunk of some tree, the genus of which I did not trouble myself to note. As he stood there irresolutely it seemed to me, I was glad to perceive that the moon had arisen, and was beginning to pour long, slant rays of brightness through the branches that lay like lances of silver upon the shaded grass, and made the darkness of the bush less obscure.

Slowly, at the lapse of a few minutes, he went on, cautiously creeping, and, as it appeared to me, starting at every crackle of a stick under his foot, or every rustle of a branch, that he disturbed as he passed.

I followed him as carefully, and once, as I was obliged to hide hurriedly behind a bush as the teamster suddenly stopped, I fancied I saw another shadowy form stop likewise, and likewise hide behind the trunk of a tree at the other side of the man I followed. This rather startled me, and I felt to see that my revolvers were all right; but a moment served to convince me that it must have been all fancy, or the shadow of some waving branch that the night breeze had moved.

The teamster moved onward again, and in a few more steps reached a small glade in the bush, where the trees were farther apart, and the moonlight penetrating through the more open distance, lay brilliantly upon a small clear space, near which he stopped suddenly. I was not more than ten yards from him now, but remained in the dim shade of some underwood, while he stood directly in the slant rays of the moon, and I could see every feature of his face, that looked white and wan as that of a ghost in the weird light, contrasted, as it was, with deep shadows of overhanging heavy branches.

He stood like one fearful, staring directly before him, and immediately in front him lay a fallen tree, that seemed to have lain there for years. The patches of grass looked white, like snow in the moonlight, and so did parts of the fallen log: but directly before the man a broad spot seemed to have been burned, and the fire had blackened and scorched the centre portion of the log so that it contrasted vividly with the two extremities, and with the surrounding lighted green spots.

I had but barely time to notice these facts, and to wonder what interest they possessed for this man, when he retreated backward as if in fear, and fell rather than leaned against the rough trunk of a tree that must have been anything but comfortable as support, and there he stopped with an expression upon his face that I shall never forget, and which the momentarily increasing moonlight rendered almost as visible to me as if it were day. His face, that had seemed so expressionless as I first remarked it, was full of terror; every muscle was rigid and his distended eyes turned in every direction alternately, as if in dreadful expectation. From my first glimpse of that face in the lonely bush, I was as sure of the correctness of Vino's instinctive suspicions, as if I had seen the crime the man had committed; and if I had been asked to name the crime, I should have answered, "murder."

Murder! and where? Was it here on this spot, where the man shook like a leaf, and wiped the sweat from his forehead, with a hand that trembled so that it would scarcely hold the handkerchief? Had he come, drawn by that strange fatality that makes guilt hover round the spot it ought to avoid, until the avenger's hand is stretched forth, and justice is at length appeased?

But in the middle of such thoughts as these I arrested myself angrily. "You are a fool," I mentally apostrophised myself, a fool and a detective! Can't a man go into the bush for any purpose but to commit a murder? Suppose he has a plant here? Nothing more likely, and everyone knows it isn't safe to carry money about the country now-a-days; his own hard earnings perhaps, and here you are dogging his steps, without any cause whatever save the snuff of a horse.

This reasoning did not satisfy me, however. I am afraid I must confess that I *wanted* to find this man out a criminal—that I would have been disappointed to see him go and dig a chamois bag with a few coins of gold in it, and that I would have much preferred clapping a pair of steel bracelets on his wrists to seeing him go happily on his harmless way, driving his patient cattle, and smoking his short black pipe, to keep him company upon a lonely bush track. I am afraid that I must confess that it was so; it is the force of habit you see, and I do believe I was born to be a detective, and although now settled in another line of business, feel it is so entirely my "vocation."

As I was thus arguing with and against myself, the teamster seemed to make a strong effort, and raised himself from his leaning position to his feet. Pressing his hat firmly down upon his head, he strode determinedly to within a few feet of my hiding place, and kneeling down upon the ground began rapidly to remove the soil with his knife, or some small instrument he had brought for the purpose. As he did so, a rustle behind me caused me to look hurriedly around, and again I distinctly saw that dark shadow I had fancied before; but this time I kept eye upon it, and distinctly saw it flit past me, and creep cautiously to within ten feet or so of the busy teamster, and there, behind a bush it rested, and leaned eagerly over to watch the man's movements, as if life and death depended upon sight and silence.

I will confess to you that at this moment I was so entirely paralysed with astonishment that, if there had been occasion for sudden action, I could not have used it. The figure that I had watched and fancied was a creation of my own imagination now distinctly showed itself to be a female in dark attire, and in the white anxious face that leaned over to watch the teamster, who rooted and scraped out the mould so hurriedly, I recognized the female bar-tender at the California Hotel.

In the face of all creation what was she doing here? What connection was there between this man, who evidently knew nothing of her, and this woman, who left her room to steal into the fearful dark bush, to watch a man who was an utter stranger to her?

It was all dark to me, and I was glad when the bullock driver quickly gathered something out of the hole, and throwing, or rather pushing the mould in again with his feet, hastily covered up all traces of it, and prepared to depart.

It seemed to me to be a small parcel, tied in a bit of calico that he carefully stowed in his shirt, but I was not near enough to notice distinctly, and my attention was distracted by the woman, who still remained leaning over and watching, and so close that I almost fancied I could hear her breathing, although I was careful to keep closely hidden in the thick bush I occupied.

Much more rapidly than he had entered it, and with his hand firmly grasping the treasure hidden in his breast, the man left the bush, closely followed by the woman, who flitted from shadow to shadow like a spirit. In the wake of both, I, myself, proceeded cautiously, much more occupied now, however, with the movements of the singular bar-maid than I was with those of the teamster; him I was sure of, he was not at all likely to run away, and leave his bullocks and dray behind him; and I was at least certain of knowing when he left; with her it was different. As a clue to the conduct of the man, I was determined to have an explanation of her own that very night, nothing doubting but that there was some strange mystery attached to it, which it would be to my advantage to know.

When he had reached the edge of the more dense wood, my man emerged into the open grassy plain, and made straight for his cattle that were scattered at a little distance, grazing in the bright moonlight, and [illegible] every [illegible] Quite certain that his great object, whatever it was, was accomplished, he would return to his camp under the dray, I paid no further attention to him, but followed the woman, who stood a moment in the shade and looked wistfully after him. Then she quickly skirted the bush, until she reached the nearest point to the inn, when she ran, with the speed of terror, across the short open distance, and disappeared behind the house.

I followed more cautiously, but as the driver was out of sight, I lost no time in gaining the yard, into which my bedroom door opened; there, in the shade of the wall I stood and listened, and watched for some sign of the woman gaining an entrance to the main building. I did not know in what portion of the premises she slept, or I should have devoted my attention to that particular quarter, but I was like a watch dog, all eyes and ears.

In a few seconds the darkly clad figure I was in search of emerged from around the very abutting building against which I leaned, and so close to me, that before she had time to make one step after I had first caught the moving form, I had a firm grip of her wrist, and stopped her.

"Don't be frightened," I said, "I am an officer in the detective force, and I want to have a few words with you."

She did not scream or speak; she was not a timid woman I knew, or she would not have dared that midnight watch in the bush alone; but that there was still some more powerful feeling than mere animal courage at work in her breast to make her keep silence I had no doubt. When I arrested her arm so suddenly, she did not, as I have said, speak, but she shook in every limb, like one who had been stricken with ague.

"You need not be afraid," I repeated quietly, "there is nothing wrong, only I want some information from you. Go in there," and as I spoke I opened the door of my room, and pushed her gently in. Even then she did not speak, and when I had locked the door, and as there was no window, lighted the candle, I saw her leaning against the wall with a face white with terror, and her hands hanging by her side helplessly.

"Sit down," I whispered, placing a chair for her. "Is there any one in the next room?"

"No, there is no one outside the big house but yourself," she answered.

"Well, now," I continued calmly but firmly, "I want to know what you have been watching the bullock driver in the bush for?"

"Are you watching him?" she whisperingly questioned. "Do you *know* anything? Oh, tell me, for mercy's sake!"

"It would not do for me to tell every one my business you know," I replied, "but I tell you I am a detective, and I followed you both to-night, and now I want to know for what reason you watch that man, who seems to be a stranger to you? Is he a stranger to you?" I added, as she hesitated and wrung her hands.

"I never saw him in my life before."

"Explain then—you must do so, mind."

"If you are a detective," she whispered, suddenly lifting up her face, and looking keenly into mine, "you will remember James Parsons?"

"James Parsons? A man who disappeared about two years ago, and was supposed to be murdered?"

She nodded.

"He left home with a team of bullocks," I went on, "and a heavy purse to bring a load from F——; and he never returned?"

Again the woman nodded.

"Why, 'twas about two miles from this very house," I continued, a light all at once breaking in upon my bewildered brain, "that we lost all trace of him. Some one had met him upon the road, and after that he was never more heard of."

I was looking keenly and anxiously at the woman as I spoke those words rapidly; when I concluded, she said, faintly:—

"I was James Parsons' wife."

If I had not been accustomed to control all outward semblance of feeling, I should certainly have uttered an exclamation at this moment. It was as if the corner of a mysterious curtain had been lifted, and I was beginning to see a dim but partially illuminated vista beyond, which included a lonely bush track, upon which jogged along a team of bullocks, driven by James Parsons, and terminated in that scorched and blackened log near which I had so lately seen the strangely moved teamster digging up some hidden thing.

"I was James Parson's wife; and this evening, when that man came to the door, I knew my husband's bullocks. I could swear to every one of them. We reared them ourselves, and I am sure as I stand here that every one of them this moment would eat from my hand."

I was silent, as much from admiration of this poor woman's noble courage in the attempt to discover her husband's murderer, as from any other feeling, and she went on calmly.

"When the police gave up all hopes of finding James, or any trace of him, I came and took a situation here, in hopes that some day I might see or hear something of the man that killed him! killed I am sure he was; and I'm sure that the man I followed to-night did it, and did it on the very spot where the hand of God seemed to strike him to-night, and freeze up his marrow with fear."

"Well, give yourself no further anxiety, my poor girl," I said; "I will dog this man's steps like a shadow, until I prove his guilt, if he is guilty. Meanwhile, say not a word about the events of this night, and as soon as I gain any information I shall see you again."

"Mind," she said emphatically, as I opened the door to let her out, "if you play me false in this, I will find the man out though he died! Now that I have seen the hand that spilled my poor Jim's warm blood, I will track him until I die myself, or he is hanged!" and she softly closed the door and went away.

I sat down upon the edge of the bed to think; and you will perhaps laugh at me when I say that my first thought was a delight in the proved sagacity of my faithful animal. "Vino, my lass, you may laugh at your like, but it has never deceived us yet, and never will. I feel as sure of it as I do that heaven's air is around me at this moment.

Satisfied that all was well with the teamster, as I could hear the tinkle tinkle of the cattle bells still, I laid down in my clothes to snatch a few hours of as sound a sleep as I ever enjoyed. We are used to it, you see; and the certainty that I had fairly got hold of the right end of a clue, that would give me credit with my superiors, caused me to sleep well. The sun was but barely up, however, when I arose, and hastened to take a look at things outside. The bar was open, and the woman, as quiet seeming as ever, was attending to her various arrangements in it. The teamster was busily yoking up his cattle, with the same quiet and listless air I had observed the night before; and hastily giving the bar woman a hint to let me have breakfast immediately, I went to look after Vino.

While I was eating my breakfast I heard the loud cracking of the driver's whip and the rumbling of the rough conveyance convinced me that he was off. This, however, gave me no concern, as it was far from my intention to let him perceive that I was about to return by almost the same track I had arrived by the previous evening. I was most anxious, of course, to avoid awakening his suspicions.

Half an hour saw Vino and myself upon the road, upon which, however, I proceeded scarcely half a mile when I diverged into the bush, and rode leisurely along, keeping within an easy distance of the road, so as to be able at any moment to near my friend the driver. I could hear the crack of the whip in the distance, and even the rattle of the wheels; and, satisfied that he was still proceeding, I proceeded also.

It seemed a long forenoon to me, going at the slow pace of the cattle, but everything has an end, and at last the hour of noon arrived, and from the vicinity of the only water within miles I felt sure my man would camp soon.

I was right. As I neared the road cautiously, I saw that he had selected a shady spot near a water hole, and was about unyoking his cattle once more. Alighting, I left Vino to graze quietly, she was too well trained an animal to go far, and then stole cautiously nearer, and seated myself under a close bush to resume my watch. I was anxious about that little parcel he had exhumed, fearful that he might make a fire and destroy it.

He made no fire, however. As soon as his cattle were turned out, he commenced to examine one of his yokes, and a most unusual step it was for a carter, who had two good hours spell before him to set to work mending a yoke before he had made the slightest preparation for making his noonday meal. That, however, was what he appeared to be doing, and he chose an old stout log that lay upon the bank of the creek, and leaning the yoke across it, went down on his knees, and commenced his repairing.

This was how it looked to me, I say, for I was at some little distance you know; but his occasional fearful looks around him aroused my suspicions, and I kept a closer eye upon th movements of his body.

Mending the yoke. Bah! he was digging a hole under the log, and simply using the yoke as a screen in case of watch.

"Ah, my man!" said I to myself, "I have you now; you are simply *replanting* your parcel, and with a bad conscience, too, or you would not use so much caution."

A few moments after and his task was ended, his fast broken upon some cold provisions, and he was lying in the shade, to all appearance fast asleep. I followed his example in that matter, at least after having consulted a pocket pistol and some sandwiches, with which I had provided myself at the inn.

The first crack of the teamster's whip aroused me, and I watched his departure with impatience. It appeared an hour ere he had fairly disappeared, and I was at liberty to pounce upon his "plant," and to unearth it. I found some difficulty in doing so, but at length I had in my hands the parcel which was so apparently valuable to the bullock driver. It was tied with a strong cord in a piece of tarpaulin, and had it been a measure of Aladdin's jewels, my fingers could scarcely have trembled more as I undid it.

There was little to reward me, you might have supposed, but I was fully satisfied. An old leather bag, containing some National Bank notes to the value of one hundred and twenty dollars (I remembered these notes being missing, and knows to have been in the possession of James Parsons when he so unaccountably disappeared, and I had the numbers of them in my note book at that very moment), and a crooked five cent piece, which had also been described. This was absolutely all of value the parcel contained, as two or three scraps of belt, shrivelled and burnt, two buckles as of braces, a few brass buttons sadly discolored, and a few charred and partially destroyed bones, might seem valueless to any one, but they were everything to me, and they were life itself to the wretched man who had tried to hide them to his own destruction.

Carefully wrapping them up, and once more securing Vino, I placed the precious find in my valise, and mounting, rode rapidly along the road after the bullock team. I had not much to hide now, as I was quite satisfied in arresting this man, with such a strong chain of circumstantial evidence against him. I thought it as well to wait, however, until we reached an hotel not three miles off, which I knew he must pass for, a desperate man in a lonely bush has a chance if were as well not to give him.

I soon overtook the dray, and I thought the driver looked rather uneasy as he recognised me.

"You're luckier than myself, mate," I cried, as I rode up. "I've been riding in the bush all day long. I ought to be ashamed to tell it too, after being in this part of the State so long."

"There's a good many tracks hereabouts," he answered. "You've taken the wrong one I guess."

"Yes, I took the wrong road after leaving the California Hotel, and then trying to cut across the bush, lost myself. If it had'nt been for the sound of your whip I never should have pulled myself up. Are we near any hotel?"

"Yes, there is one only a couple of miles on."

"Well, I'll go on then; I'm regularly tired. Call as you're passing, mate, and we'll have a drink together."

So we parted, and as I left I saw a feeling of relief steal over the man's face. Had there been any other road, I should have feared his trying to avoid me; but there was not, so I waited patiently in the bar of the inn until I heard the dray passing, and then I went to the door and called him in.

There was no one in the bar but a man who served, and who supplied the driver and myself with our chosen drinks. I suffered him to swallow his in peace. Poor wretch, I knew he would require all the fortitude it would give him to enable him to undergo the terrible ordeal before him. But no sooner had he finished than the handcuffs were locked on the hand that placed the glass on the counter, and in another second the other was clasped beside it.

He turned upon me such a look of speechless terror as I shall never forget, and once more I saw before me the same agonized face of the night before, during the midnight watch in the moonlit forest.

"I arrest you for the murder of James Parsons," I said, and he staggered back against the wall, and then fell heavily on the ground.

I assisted him to rise, for he was faint and weak, and the handcuffs prevented him from helping himself. But when he had been seated on a form, where he could support himself against the counter, his pale haggard face grew wild with excitement, and I feared he was going mad.

"Thank God it's over!" he said. It's better to be hung at once than live such a terrible life. I did it; yes, I did it! I killed him, and burned his body!"

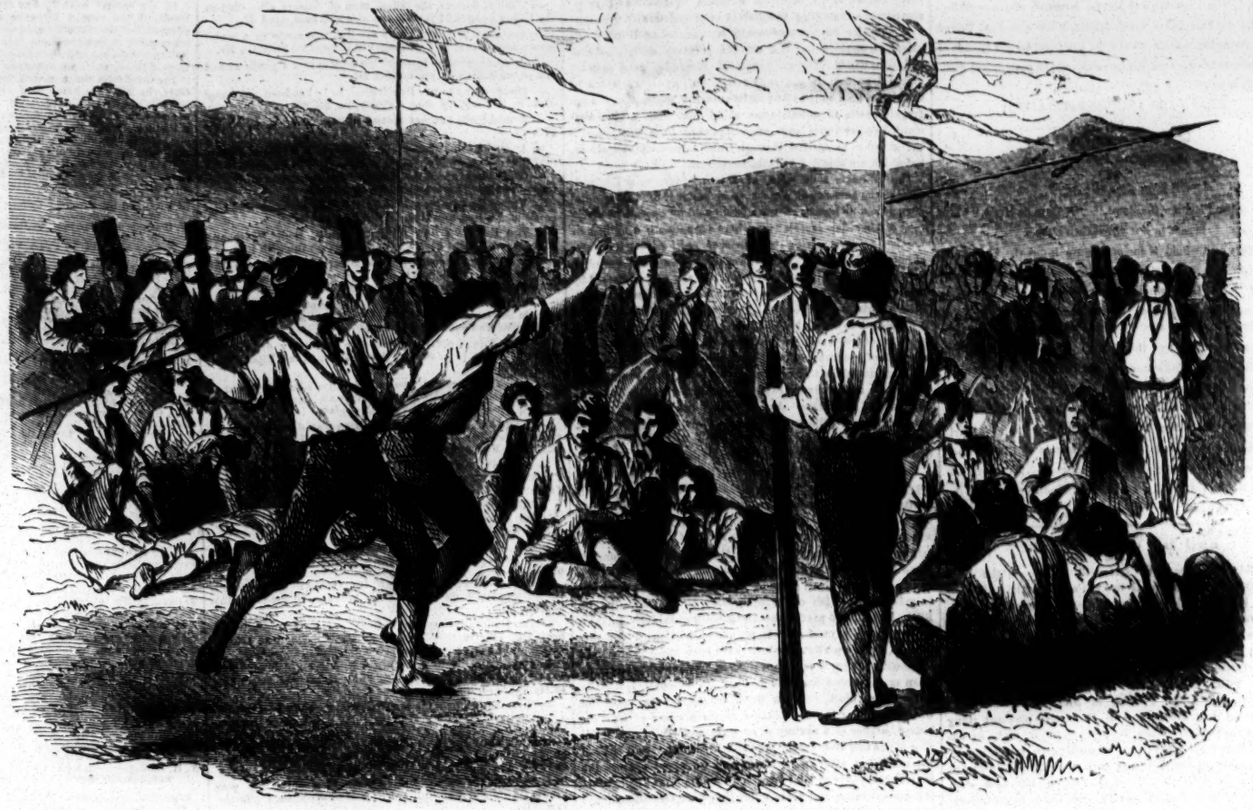
"Take care," I remonstrated, "every word you say now will be used against you."

"I want them to be used against me," he said loudly. "I want to relieve myself and die. I met Parsons about two miles above the Californian Hotel. I was on tramp with my swag, and he gave me a lift. I found out he had money and coaxed him into the bush, gammoning I knew a fine waterhole to camp at for the night. We made a fire near the log, and while he was putting his billy over it, I struck him with the axe, his own axe, right on the back of the head, and he fell into the fire. I piled branches and wood on half the night until he was burned to cinders, and then when the fire died out, I raked up every bit of strap, and button and bone I could find, so that no man could find any trace. I put these into a bit of rag, and planted them, but until last night I never had a chance to take them from the spot. Oh, heavens above! it's a fearful thing to be a murderer! I should have had to drag these bones over the world with me; fire or water would never have hidden them! You will find them planted at ——"

"They are here," I replied, laying the parcel before him, as he spoke.

He *glared* at it for a second, shuddered as if a cold, keen wind pierced his bones, then he lifted up his manacled hands as if to seek for the hot blood he had spilled; and staring wildly at them for a second, fell back—dead!

I have been in many scenes of a terrible character during my Californian experience of crime, but, among them all, that one often starts vividly into remembrance: the bush inn, with the open door showing the green [illegible] path, with its [illegible] rays, the quiet locks lashing the flies off lazily on the road, and the dead man, with staring eyes and fettered hands, fallen against the wall, with that terrible look of unspoken agony stiffening into his face!



THROWING THE JAVELIN.

SEE NOTICE ELSEWHERE.

GERMAN GYMNASTS THROWING THE JAVELIN.

A few weeks since we published an illustration and article on the international celebration of the German gymnasts in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. The illustration in our present number represents one of the exercises or amusements on the occasion referred to. Hurling the javelin is a manly sport, much indulged in by the Teutonic fraternity, giving an opportunity, as it does, to show agility combined with strength. Though scarcely, if at all, indulged in at German celebrations in this country, it is one of the noted "institutions" of gymnasts in the Federland.

NEW YORK CLIPPER BUILDING,

Nos. 88 & 90 Centre street, cor. Leonard.

This handsome and substantial edifice, now in process of erection, well located on a good business thoroughfare and within view from Broadway, will be ready for occupation on or before May 1st. Parties wishing

TO RENT ON REASONABLE TERMS,

first class stores and offices, with all the modern conveniences and appointments, including heating by steam, should apply to

W. H. BRAY, Agent,
NEW YORK CLIPPER OFFICE,
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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1869.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Single Copy.....10 cents | subscription per annum....$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers....6¼ " | " for 6 months.. 2 50
To Retail Agents.....7 " | " for 3 months.. 1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 21 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3 860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday morning, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

BUMMER.—1. Jack Rooke beat Tom Lane, Job Cobley and Tom Kelly, was beaten by Joe Goss and Kelly (cross); fought drawn with Patsey Reardon (twice), Bob Brettle, Bill Ryall and Harry Allen, and received forfeit from Crockett. His fight with Brettle was for £200 a side and a bet of £300 even, the police interfering after they had been at it 1 hour and 15 minutes, during which 21 rounds had been contested, Dec. 31, 1861; again met, Jan. 1, 1862, when, after fighting 3 rounds in 17 minutes, the beaks again appeared, and Brettle having sprained his ankle, the fight was postponed until March. They met for the third time on the 11th of that month, when, as neither showed any disposition to finish, the referee gave them a quarter of an hour to get to work, and as no blow was struck, a draw was declared. 2. Joe Goss beat Jack Rooke, Tom Price, Bodger Crutchley, Bill Ryall, Posh Price, and Ike Baker; was beaten by Jem Mace, (twice;) fought draws with Bill Ryall (neither man being able to finish), Jem Mace, Tom and Harry Allen (both apprehended in the latter and bound over, forfeited £25 to Tom Price, and received £85 forfeit from Joe Wormald.

B. VON, Dover.—1. The "Seven Sisters" was produced by Laura Keene, at her theatre, on Monday, Nov. 26th, 1866, with Mrs. J. H. Allen, Mr. Leeson, T. B. Johnson, Leviek, Barnett, Laura Keene, Polly Marshall, Lotty Hough and Miss Couldock in the cast. It was presented one hundred and seventy-seven nights, and its last performance was given on May 25th, 1861. 2. The Black Crook" had a run of four hundred and sixty-five performances, and its last representation was given on Jan. 4th, 1868. 3. The "White Fawn" enjoyed one hundred and seventy-four performances, the last one being July 11th, 1869. 4. "Our American Cousin" had a run of one hundred and seventy-five performances. 5. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was presented three hundred and thirty consecutive times. These are the longest runs on record of any piece. "Humpty Dumpty" promises to take the lead.

PRESIDENT ELEVENTH WARD CLUB.—"Four men play a game of euchre; the one sitting to the right of the dealer orders it up and plays it alone; the dealer plays it alone against the man taking it up, and euchres him. Does the person so euchreing the other party count two or four, and has the dealer a right to play alone after being ordered up?".....The dealer had no right to go alone, and can only score two points for the euchre.

G. F., Galena, Ill.—The classic rendering of the term "dead beat," is "arrant knave," "designing fraud," "accomplished swindler," or, to sum it up in full, a "mean cuss." Our Jim thinks it means "a fellar what don't come down with his soap when he oughter, and lifts other fellers' flimsies when he shouldn't oughter," and he isn't far from right.

BOTH SIDES, Philadelphia.—Your letter places the matter in a totally different light to that represented by Fair Play's *ex-parte* statement. If the singer substituted was not a member of the club, and regularly recognized by your club as such, he had no right to sing, and the club that produced him on the evening in question should forfeit the stakes.

SUBSCRIBER, Portland.—We really have not time to calculate so intricate a question as to the number of changes that can be produced by throwing five dice. In throwing with two dice 36 different changes can be produced, and the number increases in geometrical progression on increasing the number of the dice.

OTTAWA, KANSAS.—The rule says the dealer, in such a case, may or may not go alone, but that the point should be settled before commencing play. Our opinion has often been given that no player should have the privilege of going alone when a partner assists.

BURLESQUE, Des Moines.—1. Such a company could be organized with four principal ladies and six ladies for the *ballet*. 2. Salaries would range from $60 to $30 a week. 3. Orchestra leader, $50. 4. A dramatic agent would charge you $25 for his fees.

SADIE JONES, Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. You have a better opportunity to find that out than we have. 2. The pilot is not an officer at all, but while he is on board he has command of the vessel. 3. We would advise you to learn a trade.

C. C. S., Portland.—The load, as you state, would be about twelve tons; consequently it is very improbable that "such a load is frequently seen drawn by two horses in Liverpool," or anywhere else.

S. S. S., Philadelphia. 1. If you are the original of that style of advertising, how far back do you date, as it has been done in this city for a long time? 2. The letters were sent to Sam.

P. H. M. and J. C. M., Philadelphia.—By all means finish your trades first; then, if you still have a mouse in the trap, give it a trial. A shade mustered, you will have something to fall back upon if the other thing don't work.

OIL CITY.—"At a raffle forty was thrown; A bet B that forty would win. Forty was the highest throw, but was tied. The parties tying compromised by one selling out to the other. Please state whether A wins or not."..... A wins the bet.

M. C., Boston.—We know of no velocipede champion as yet.

W. L., Palatine, Ky.—1. He is the same. The year in Drury we have complete. 2. We cannot give you the greatest distance traveled.

READER, Broadway.—The rule at whist is perfectly clear on this point, for if the fourth player plays his card before his partner plays, the latter may be called on to win the trick, at the option of their opponents.

J. F. H., Diamond City.—The player who made Jack goes out before the player who, by bidding three, obliged himself to make three points before his opponent made one, the point he wanted.

W. C. B., Mt. Carbon, Ill.—1. The best authenticated time made in this country at one mile was by Legal Tender, 1:44. 2. The fastest time in Europe was by Gladiateur, who won the Two Thousand Guineas, 1 mile 17 yds, in 1:39.

EDEX.—John S. Clarke played Bob Brierly, in "Ticket of Leave Man," at Winter Garden Theatre, this city, for one night only, on Nov. 12th, 1864.

JOE.—He gave two exhibitions in this city, the first at the Casino, on Houston street, and the second at No. 600 Broadway.

P. P., Philadelphia.—You had better not make the purchase, for a few months, and thereby prevent disappointment.

G. N., Baltimore.—You cannot have read our paper carefully, or you would have seen correspondence from there every week.

J. D. C SCRANTON, Pa.—We are unable to inform you where you can obtain the toys you name, although we have made inquiry.

C. D. F.—Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.—Alexander Randell, formerly Postmaster General, was never a member of the United States Congress or Senate.

J. T. W. & Co., Bay City.—We know nothing of the trotting horse Sam Slick. If you own him, you ought to know his best time. We never heard of the horse.

SQUARE SPORT.—In "American Hoyle," published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, you will find a full description of the game of faro, how played, etc.

E. G., Zanesville, O.—Drop a line to a theatrical shoemaker, whose advertisement you may see in another column, and he will build you exactly what you require.

OLIVER, Toledo.—1. Jackson Haines is in Europe. 2. Frank Swift never skated against him, but is unquestionably the better skater.

BASE BALL, Chicago.—1. Pratt did accompany the Atlantics on their western tour. 2. His name is Thomas J., and he is at home in Boston.

H. J. C. B., Chicago.—Mr. Robinson appeared in the various cities of Europe previous to his visit with the American Circus.

T. C. J., Memphis.—1. We know nothing about the lady you enquire after. 2. Milly is at present residing in Washington, but not playing on the stage.

FRIEND, Piqua.—He is traveling with Morris' Minstrels, whose movements you will see chronicled in nearly every issue of the CLIPPER.

J. M., Oswego, Wis.—1. There is no such work published. 2. Baker is at present residing in this city. 3. Patrick McLoughlin, *alias* "Pangene," is dead.

A READER, Somerby, MASS.—If Dion and Foster do not play with the mace or cue, ask your opponent what they do play with, then.

RAND RAT, Watertown.—It would take a column to give you all the information you desire. Look over your back files of the CLIPPER, or get "Fistiana."

A. T. E., Chicago.—They ought to fetch cost price at least. By advertising you might find a purchaser. A three line advertisement will cost you sixty cents each insertion.

J. C. G., Philadelphia.—1. The other player cannot go alone. 2. The right bower must be played if you have no other trump.

PERK, St. Paul.—You can procure the poem from W. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor Place, this city.

T. W. A.—The lady has a sister at Niblo's Garden. The gentleman that does the act with her is not her husband.

CAPTAIN, Memphis.—There were no effects left, money having to be sent from here to defray certain indebtedness.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.—You will find them in some of the old books containing Scottish songs.

WM. B. SMITH, East Saginaw, Mich.—The advertisement will cost $9.36 for three months, cash in advance.

F. T., Providence.—Thank you for pointing out the source of the strange animal.

R. H., Fall River.—Lord Lyons won the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger.

GREENVILLE, PA.—1. Pocahontas, the pacer, never belonged to Mr. Bonner. 2. Dexter's best recorded time is 2:17¼.

O'DONOHUE, Pittsburgh.—We do not answer enquiries respecting the private circumstances of individuals.

CONSTANT READER.—A cannot amend his answer, even if the time specified has not expired.

J. H. MCL., Oneida, N. Y.—He is traveling with Bob Brettle. A letter addressed in care of this office will reach him.

P. C. BACKUS, Erie, Pa.—Your advertisement, to occupy a space of ten lines, will cost $1.50 for each insertion.

R. G. W. L., New Orleans, La.—The document was duly forwarded on the 23d ult.

A. M. P.—MS received. Will read in a day or two and apprise you of the result.

T W. S., Baltimore.—Go more into company; it is not a blemish, however.

BALTIMORE.—1. Not first-class. 2. Said to be. 3. Baltimore has always had that reputation.

ENOCH, Louisville, Ky.—1. No. 2. He did not issue a formal challenge. 3. That is entirely a matter of opinion.

OLD ACTOR, Philadelphia.—Fanny Davenport was born in London, Eng., opposite the British Museum, in 1850.

L. F. N., Reading, Pa.—They rowed only twice, and never for a purse.

E. C. T., Baltimore.—Thank you; we shall be pleased to receive the items.

E. M. G., Milford, MASS.—Heenan and Sayers fought forty-three rounds.

READER, Cincinnati, O.—Tom Sayers never visited the United States.

H. Y. D., Chicago.—You can get them at any house furnishing store.

A. D., Coventry, R. I.—Ed. Price resides in Washington, D. C.

X. Y.—Don't know, but perhaps some of our book publishers might inform you.

C. D. H., Newburgh.—Mr. Surridge is traveling with Kelly and Leon's Minstrels.

DUKE, Urbana.—The lady returned to England some months since.

DROVER, Buffalo.—In case of a misdeal the Jack does not count.

BOOTY, Baltimore.—B having ordered A up, C cannot go alone.

FLORENCE, Charlestown.—A letter sent to this office will reach him.

K. O. T., Baltimore.—We know nothing of the player you inquire about. Write to the club he refers you to.

HANK.—1. Ev-arts. 2. Kelly, Pratt, Start, Ferguson, Pearce, Smith, Chapman, Crane and McDonald.

F. F. R.—It is of too remote a date to be of interest now.

W. R. M., Bay City.—Mollie is not married.

G. N. ESQUIRE, Podunk.—Chess, most decidedly.

P. K. F., St. Louis.—The advertisement costs $1.

F. H.—The Duke of Wellington died in 1852.

W. S., Dayton, O.—We mail the CLIPPER on Tuesday.

PETROLEUM CENTRE.—He loses $45 and the boots.

WILSON, Beaufort, S C.—Mr. Downey, Omaha, Nebraska.

J. P. F., Centreville, Cal.—Not that we are aware of.

F., Quincy.—They will be acceptable.

KING FARO;

OR,

Leaves from the Diary of a Reformed Bowery Boy.

We take this opportunity of announcing to our readers that we shall commence our new volume with a thrilling and graphic serial, comprising a history of that monarch of games, "Faro," interspersed with facts and legends connected with its dark and terrible sway throughout the civilized globe. Enlightened France, Merrie England, and Mystic Germany, play a conspicuous part in this great world drama, while the Fast United States, from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the bounds of California, acknowledges the iron rule of the paste-board monarch. It is entitled,—

KING FARO AND HIS SATELLITES;
OR,
LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF
A REFORMED BOWERY BOY.
BY
JOHN COOPER VAIL,

Author of the "Hebrew Gladiator," "La Tour de Nesle," "Life Scenes in Our Great Cities," &c.

The story as a whole is one of intense interest. The scenes change like the variations of a Kaleidoscope, from the great bank of John Law, whose chips were of solid gold and who turned for a million, to the dark slums of St. Antoine, St. Giles and the Five Points, where the smallest coin was devoured by the Tijer. The third book, entitled "The Star of the Pave, or on the Tear and on the Town," introduces many living characters among the *gay gamboliers*, who will be readily recognized by the fast men about town; while it also reveals the wonderful history of the Cora Pearl of the Crescent City, and the terrible secrets of the vigilance committee in Vicksburg and San Francisco. Do not fail to purchase No. 1, Vol. XVII., of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, to be issued early in April.

END OF VOLUME XVI.

With this issue closes the sixteenth volume of the NEW YORK CLIPPER. We intended to write a long article about it, showing how grateful we are to our patrons for their assistance; how it is "the happiest day of our life"—whenever subscriptions and advertisements flow in an uninterrupted stream upon us; how we are at peace with all our quarrelsome contemporaries, and seek to maintain our cherished relations with the rest of them; how the CLIPPER "walks the waters like a thing of life," and "flourishes like a green bay tree;" how it is a very pleasant thing to run a newspaper when it pays; how it isn't so enjoyable when it doesn't pay; how we could give you columns, yes whole pages, of smart things said of us by well-informed and reliable papers in all parts of the world, but how such reading would be of less interest to you than to ourselves; how we intend to give you a more readable, more instructive, and more entertaining paper the coming year than even the volume now closing has been. All these things we intended to say, but we have thought better of it, and will let you off with this summary, for we know what a fearful affliction it is to be bored with other people's affairs. And thus endeth the 16th chapter.

"BEWARE!"

"Take care, he is fooling thee," thus runs the ballad. As April fool day is at hand, let those who do not care to be sold be on their guard, for all manner of tricks *will be tried*, at which some of the victims *will be tried* severely, while others more philosophical will bear it with a good *grace* and *gracefully* acknowledge the corn. Unruly urchins will be on the lookout for chances to gull the unwary. Pass and unscrupulous friends, if you should have occasion to pass any youthful boys, look *sharp* or you may be made to feel very *flat* by reason of some successful dodge played *off on* you, as is *often* the case on that day. Keep a careful *look around* for wicked devices, or you may be made to *look around* for a dog that is not there, and see only a mischievous urchin who has barked at your heels. If you see a cent lying undisturbed on the sidewalk let it *lie* there, for *lie* it does, ten chances to one; for, while it appears to be lying around *loose*, 't is *fast* to the walk, *nailed* there by some *fast* youth so that you can't *nail* it. Should a tin kettle obstruct your weary path, *don't* kick it, or your foot may suffer by reason of the stones which that seemingly innocent kettle doth contain; and if you can contain yourself under such *damaging* circumstances, you are truly a philosopher. Little packages may greet your vison, lying on a *sidewalk*. Now, take our advice, and *walk a-side* of them—touch them not, they are like Dead Sea fruit—beautiful to the eye, but dead-beats when you take hold of them. *Sometimes* our jocular young friends come to grief; some have been *taken* up by infuriated individuals whom they had *taken down* by some unlawful trick. But this propensity is not confined to the smaller fry. No, no. April dodgers are indulged in by children of a larger growth. A physician of our acquaintance was sent for one first of April, to visit a patient who had been badly bitten by a savage dog, and fears were entertained of hydrophobia. On arriving at the place indicated, and looking for the man who had been bitten, he could see no one who appeared to need his professional services. The Doctor himself was the *only* one who had been *bitten*. On another occasion a coroner was sent for to "come at once to ——Hotel." Thinking it a case for an inquest, he hurried to the place, but could see nothing but a lot of men pretty well torn. "Where's the deceased?" asked the coroner. "Deceased! Why, there's no deceased here," quoth one of the party, "we only want you to hold an inquest on a *dead beat* who drinks all he can get, but never says 'come boys' once." The doctor was so *dead beat* that he vowed he would never hold another inquest on the 1st of April. So, dearly beloved friends, "beware, take care," for the day is at hand when no man should forget his cunning, and the unwary should be on the look out for breakers ahead.

"THE SHOWMAN'S GUIDE."—All classes should have a guide to direct them in the most certain paths to prosperity. The "Showman's Guide" is one of the latest additions to our directory literature, and surely no profession is more in need of such an assistant than that of the showman. The work before us has been compiled with great care by Col. T. Allston Brown, who has devoted much time, great research, and considerable labor to make his book what it purports to be, a valuable help to managers, agents, and "people" in the various branches of traveling entertainments. It gives the names of nearly all of the halls in the United States and Canadas, with the rent per night, seating capacity, population of town, distance from city to city, etc.; together with various routes, so carefully laid out that even a verdant agent who follows them can never lead his company astray. It is certainly a most useful little work, not only for traveling showmen, but for all engaged in the dramatic, minstrel, circus and other show professions.

OUR STATE PRISONS.—We tender our acknowledgements to President H. A Barnum, for a copy of the twenty-first annual report of the Inspectors of State Prisons of the State of New York for the year ending September 30th, 1868. The report is very comprehensive, giving full details of the management of the several prisons during the year, as shown by the reports of their principal officers, which include elaborately prepared tables of statistics, in addition to other information of interest to the general reader, and such suggestions and recommendations with a view to improvement as were deemed advisable. Typographically considered, the report is far superior to those preceding it, while the introduction of fine illustrations of the different institutions is very acceptable.

OUR READERS, and particularly our minstrel friends, will be pleased to learn that we have arranged with our contributor, "J. H. B.," to furnish us from his pleasant and versatile pen a series of original, sentimental, and Ethiopian songs, eminently adapted for music, which we shall publish from time to time in our columns. This will afford them a fine opportunity to replenish their *repertoires*, and will add another to the many original features of the CLIPPER. The series will be commenced in next week's issue.

"OUR JIM," with his remarkable perspicacity, has discovered that the marshes about Newark, which the iron dike company has not reclaimed, are justly entitled to be styled "*swamp* grounds." We dosed him with soothing syrup, and he has since somewhat recovered.

WHAT BOOTS IT?—A boot and shoe board of trade is to be established in Boston. The sooner the better, and let one of the first duties of the board be to see that less *beard* and more *leather* is put in the boots sent to New York.

HUNTING AFTER BUBBLES.

When casting our eyes over the columns of our daily journals, and reading the oft repeated chronicles as to the meetings of the heirs of such and such a person, deceased a century or so ago, or the claimants to the estate of so and so, indefinitely located thousands of miles beyond the sea, we mentally admit the validity of the trite adage that all fools are not thoroughly extinct, notwithstanding the bitter experiences their precursors in simpletonism have encountered in this chronic hunting after bubbles. To await dead men's shoes, provided they be worth the possession, and you are perfectly satisfied that you are the incontestible next of kin to the individual threatened with dissolution, can hardly be regarded beyond a waste of time. But to expend time, money and ability in a perpetual chase after an *ignis fatuis* in the shape of an imaginary legacy, destined ever to elude your grasp, should be deemed an act of unjustifiable foolery. Yet there are hundreds of infatuated beings, in even this smart and calculating city, engaged in crippling their incomes and in diverting their business energies from rational and lucrative employment, nominally to recover dormant estates, both in England and in this country, but in reality to fritter away competencies upon land sharks and confidence schemers preying upon the credulity of their dupes through flattery of inordinate avarice.

In the matter of claimants to intestate estates in Great Britain, thousands of dollars are annually extracted from the pockets of credulous persons, bearing the by no means uncommon appellations of Gray, Booth, Brown or Miller, who are induced to believe that through an indirect and remote consanguinity to a relative of some mythical millionaire, dying abroad without designating a particular heir, they will ultimately recover a fortune adequate to sustain a brown stone front in perpetuity, and consequently such expectants fall ready victims to the financial demands of financial harpies, sometimes announcing themselves as proprietors of "next of kin" agencies, but more generally represented as disinterested attornies, anxious that the coveted property should fall into righteous hands. The compensation demanded from each individual at first is generally small, but, as the same tale of delusion is held out to many claimants, the amount in the aggregate swells to a handsome sum, from time to time augmented as the dupes gain encouragement from the fallacies pretended to be derived through trans-Atlantic investigations, but which are chiefly fabricated hereabout.

The intimate connection of this country with England whence the ancestry of almost every resident of anti-colonial descent can be traced, affords a broad field for operations of the next of kin order, especially as there are annually e mpiled in London, volumes giving the names of parties dying intestate, of holders of bank stock, of unclaimed dividends and such like information. But should a person, in any way addressed by these speculators, apply for advice to a lawyer conversant with British jurisprudence, he will be astonished to find that, were it possible to establish his identity with that of any heir entitled to recover a sequestrated property, which, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred is a legal impossibility, according to the requirements of the rules as to evidence, the laws of England are so cautiously guarded as to preclude an alien from inheritance of real estate. And, if we are not mistaken, the example has been followed in our own State, our statutory provision limiting redemption of real estate, left by an intestate deceased, to native born or naturalized kindred.

But leaving visionary hunters after foreign bubbles out of consideration, we must confess our astonishment at the pertinacity with which parties in our own city adhere to the dreams of repossessing property, at this moment of immense value, but which, when it passed from the possession of the original owners, upon whose presumptive title these claims are founded, was scarce worth the trouble of fencing in. Take, for example, the much talked about claim of the heirs of Anneke Jans, the boundaries of which comprise a tract of land covering the Fifth, Eighth, and part of the Ninth Ward of this city, or say a tenth part of the most densely populated portion of our metropolis, upon a portion of which have been erected stores and mercantile palaces at rentals of thousands of dollars per annum. Then again, some other title hunters have recently laid claim to the entire block between Broadway, Chambers, Reade and Centre streets, while the fancied representatives of some deceased burgher of a century or so since seek recovery of a fair slice of the City Hall Park. And still these are but a tithe of the numerous pretensions which can be urged against the present occupants of land for which they have paid its full and fair market value, and upon which they have erected buildings and mansions in various degrees of extravagance.

The heirs of Anneke Jans have labored persistently for some fifty years, and have not as yet succeeded in getting their case, in any form, upon a court docket for trial, notwithstanding that they have contributed largely to defray law expenses and lavished goodly fees upon eminent lawyers, among others, we believe, upon as shrewd and sharp a practitioner as Aaron Burr. Yet, not discouraged with the vexatious delay of an ordinary lifetime, they, or their survivors, for the contagion appears hereditary, announce at intervals their intention of prosecuting their suit, attributing their only obstacle to ultimate success to the wealth and influence of Trinity Church as the principal incumbent of the estate.

Now we have no desire to dampen the ardor of these anticipated property holders, nor to under estimate their appreciation of the influence of Old Mother Church, yet we beg to assure them that, while they have been dosing in their fifty years of fitful slumber, the question of law has been so decided in the highest tribunal, in the matter of another claim, as to effectually dispose of any possibility of their recovering the lands they seek to recover unless the opinion of that court be reversed.

The case to which we allude was one of those originating out of the provisions of the will of Medcef Eden, a wealthy brewer, who died, leaving two children, both of whom were sons, the ultimate survivor being Medcef Eden the younger. The will was drawn by Aaron Burr, was brief, perspicuous and easily to be comprehended. By the terms of this will the brewer divided his real estate between his two sons in two equal parts, to be enjoyed by them during their lifetime, and, in the event of either dying without children, his share of the property should go to the survivor. Now, Joseph Eden, one of the sons, entered upon his portion of the estate, subject to the conditions of survivorship, but being a reckless and extravagant man, soon became involved in financial difficulties, so that, during his lifetime, he being without children, his property was seized and sold by the sheriff, passing title absolutely to the purchasers. Subsequently Joseph died, leaving his brother Medcef the younger to survive him, and, in accordance with the will of his father, to become inheritor of the reversionary interest of Joseph's original share of the estate, inasmuch as Medcef not only survived the childless Joseph, but that the fee of the property could not be alienated while both were in existence.

After the death of Medcef the younger, his children commenced a suit for the recovery of Joseph's share of the property under the conditions of the will of their grandfather. The question of law involved was a very simple one, and so held by the courts before which it was tried. Joseph had at no time more than a life estate in the property, which at his death reverted to his brother surviving him, and to his children as his heirs of body. In giving absolute title to the purchasers at the sale under execution, the sheriff erred, inasmuch as he conveyed a greater estate than the debtor at the time possessed. And hence, in the lower courts, the heirs obtained judgment.

Upon appeal before the Court of Errors, at that time constituting the highest tribunal in the State, composed, as it then was, of the Senators, acting in a judicial capacity, the case was argued at great length by counsel of eminent ability, the claimants being represented by Ambrose L. Jordan, undeniably the most indefatigable and ingenious lawyer of his day. The court, while admitting the general rectitude of the law points involved, assumed that cases of this nature differed essentially from ordinary cases of disputed inheritance, inasmuch as a decision in favor of the claimants would materially injure the rights of hundreds of innocent parties, purchasing in good faith and giving a fair consideration for the property at the time of its original acquisition. It would therefore be neither politic nor righteous, after a lapse of years, to dispossess, it not impoverish, a large body of citizens whose capital had rendered the estate lucrative, to the advantage of a few claimants, whose ancestor had alienated, even illegally, a property of whose intrinsic value at this day he could have no powar of estimating. The final decision was therefore given adverse to the pretensions of the claimants.

We consider that this decision, rendered after mature deliberation by a body of able men, should forever dispose of the vexed questions of land titles, held for years in abeyance. It was undoubtedly the duty of the immediate descendants of Anneke Jans, and other original owners, to institute proceedings for the protection of their rights during a reasonable lapse of time; but, having suffered more than half a century to elapse, during each year of which the property augmented in value, it cannot be expected that our law courts, to remedy their laches, will interpose to favor a claim which would benefit a few at the despoilation and expense of the many.

ABOUT GIRLS.—We were reading the other day an account of a young lady whose face had been poisoned by the use of face powder, when "Our Jim" sagely remarked that that sort of powder must be *mere fun* for a girl. He then went on to give the sex credit for not fearing either powder or *balls*. We suggested that even a regular rout would not flurry them much, when the boy horrified and silenced us by insinuating that he had spent a "good many dimes on 'em, but never knowed 'em to *re-treat*."

ANCIENT RIDE.—Have any of our Teutonic friends an authentic record of the introduction of lager bier into the States or Colonies? This popular beverage, it seems, was known here long before many of us thought, for Campbell, in his "Gertrude of Wyoming," speaks of Outalissi, the Oneida Chief, as

"Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his *bier*,"

A healthy drinkist. The most of his race have preferred firewater since.

"TAKING THE VEIL."—A couple of young ladies were recently arrested for stealing ladies' veils from a dry goods store. The Justice said, "get thee to a nunnery" for thirty days, or words to that effect, and all simply for *perrying*

NICE THING FOR A DOORKEEPER.—The Indiana Senate consider their doorkeeper *of some account by all accounts*, for it is said that at the end of each *session* he is put in pos-session of a new *suit* of clothes at the expense of the members. This custom is never deviated from, and the little arrangement *suits* him, of course.

A BAD MAN.—We are told that an old man somewhere out west recently chained his daughter to a log to keep her from marrying contrary to his wishes. We presume that the old chap was at log-gerheads with her beau.

INCREDULOUS.—A statement comes to us to the effect that the navy of the Sandwich Islands consists of nothing more than two fishing smacks and a raft. The *story smacks* of the improbable.

IS IT SO?—The "latest foreign news" informs us that Victor Hugo has the largest head among living French authors. "Our Jim" says, "may be his head is swelled."

FALSE HAIR is said to be augmenting in *volume*. The remarks that have been made about false hair would make *more* than a *volume*.

Sporting Squibs.

— There are fifty velocipede schools in Boston.

— The St. Nicholas Velocipede Rink, at Saratoga, N. Y., was burned on the morning of the 24th ult. Loss, $20,000.

— MRS. Elvira TOWLSEND, of West Elkton, Preble Co., Ohio, was 101 years old on the 7th inst.

— There is a twelve year old infant in New Jersey that weighs 300 pounds, it is said. It's a big thing.

— A suitable shooting and fishing lodge is to be rented in the southwest of Ireland for the Prince of Wales.

— Four moose were captured by Mr. Garret Moran at Wade Plantation, Me., on the 14th ult.

— William Somers, the oldest man of Somers, Ct., died on the 13th ult., aged 94 years. His wife still lives, aged 93.

— Two miles in fifteen hours was the time made in a recent severe snow storm by a passenger train near St. Stephen, Me.

— A crazy canine inserted his molars into a youth named Moore, on Broadway, on the 26th ult.

— The Suffolk Course, Huntington, L. I., has been purchased of G. B. Sammis, by James Finley, for $3,500.

— A velocipede hall was opened at Stapleton, L. I., on the 27th ult.

— A euchre tournament, to decide who is the champion player of St. Louis, is going on in that borough, we understand.

— Old Sol has turned the season of icicle into one for the by-sicle. Skates are idle and velocipedes busy.

— Victor Emanuel is said to be the best crowned head trigerist of Europe, and Nap. III the best saddleist.

— The little 2½ ton miniature ship, Red, White and Blue, was brought back by the Europa on the 27th inst.

— A verdant cuss-tomer lost $50 at cards at a house in this city, on the 24th ult., but had the proprietor up before the Mayor's Marshal, and got his semi-centaury back.

— "A Comedian," painted by James Tissot, was sold at auction, in Boston, on the 19th ult., for $395. "A Mother's Kiss," by Auguste Toutemoine, sold for $975.

— A hard times party, gentlemen to wear every day clothes, ladies in calico, plain supper, tickets 24 cents, is a Ripon, Wis., institution.

— A jack snipe recently put a locomotive's head-light out on a western train, running at thirty miles an hour, and got off unhurt, notwithstanding the smash of glass.

— A number of velocipedes have been placed in the gymnasium of the Sons of Temperance Society, in Halifax, N. S., to enable the Sons to go it fast, we suppose.

— A trio of feminines were somersaulted by a snow slide at Bangor, Me., recently, and were awarded $150 by the Board of Trade for lost clothing, &c.

—"Blessed are the shoemakers," was said with all assurance by a lad who had forgotten his piece at a Sunday school concert at Wooster, Mass., last week.

— The first shad of the season, in this region, was caught in the bay by Capt. David Burghen, of Staten Island, on the 25th ult.

— Cricket on the earth, or turf, is expected to be an attractive performance on the Willow's grounds, in Brooklyn, this season.

— Two juniors were spliced at Goffstown, N. H., recently, the bride only 11½ years old and the groom 16. The wife attends school, and talks gravely about her old man.

— A seanine capturer, of Paterson, N. J., named John Hand was badly bitten by an angry dog while Hand was attempting to lay hands on him.

— Three Frenchmen are said to have arrived in Decatur, Illinois, lately, for the purpose of catching bullfrogs for this market.

— MRS. Fanny Morse, of East Ware, N. H., was 100 years old on the 12th ult. She has been married thrice, and has a brother living who is 98 years old.

— Forty-four persons died in New Hampshire last year ninety years old and upwards. A Methuselahtical climate, evidently.

— The first baby born in the white pine mining region of Nevada was recently presented with several $1,000 in silver bars. Better be born lucky than rich.

— Fifty muttons were killed by canines last week at Lacon, Mo., belonging to S. Boys. Dogs should not be allowed to take advantage of Boys in that way.

— Lots of wild ducks and geese are now taking hotel accommodations on the Hudson, while *en route* for the north pole. We've enough quacks about us already.

— The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is to be lectured by Henry Bergh, at BOSTON, on the 30th inst.

— A CLIPPER YACHT was launched from the NEW CLIPPER BUILDING, in Centre street, last week. It goes so fast before the wind that to calculate its speed is impossible.

— The biggest building in the world is the snow shed of the Central Pacific Railroad, it being 16 feet high, 16 feet wide and 22 miles long. Let's have the musical jubilee there.

— St. Petersburghers are said to be rushing it on pianos, as the humblest families are said to have one, and 800 male and 3,000 female teachers are employed.

— Let baggage smashers beware. Maine has passed a law making the wilful injury of baggage a misdemeanor. Can't we have something of the sort passed in New York, where baggage stands no chance when out of the hands of its owners?

— The fall of snow at Gorham, N. H., the past season, has no parallel in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Fences are buried out of sight, and on the Grand Trunk Railroad the snow is up to the car windows.

— A locomotive apparatus, consisting of a pair of skates on the bicycle order, wheels five inches in diameter and three quarters of an inch wide, fastened to wood, to be strapped to the feet, is a late New Albany, Ind., invention.

— A DOVER, N. H., cat, in pursuit of a dove, was recently anticipated by a hawk, when the cat grabbed the hawk and was treated to an aerial flight of fifty feet therefor, followed by a fall of both together, her feline majesty coming out victorious in the set-to.

CURLING.

CURLING ACROSS THE BORDER.

Though the mild weather has put an end to curling in the States, our friends of the New Dominion still have the opportunity of sliding the stones along the slippery element. The Red Jackets, *alias* "Her Majesty's Rink," composed of Messrs. Perry, Shedden, Gray and Walker, and the "Veteran Rink," embracing Messrs. Forbes, Keith, Gardiner and Malcolm, played a match at Clover Hill Rink, near Toronto, on the 24th ult., for two barrels of flour. We give the score:—

RED JACKETS.		VETERANS.	
Major Gray.		R. Malcolm.	
D. Walker.		Geo. Gardiner.	
Capt. Perry.		D. S. Keith.	
Jno. Shadden, skip.	22	D. Forbes, skip.	25

It was decided by the victors to send one barrel of flour to the House of Providence and the other to the Girls' Home. The Toronto club played a return match with the old Scarboro club on the 23d ult. Two rinks played in the covered rink of the "Heather" club, near Ellesmere, a four hours' game; and two rinks at Malvern, a game of five hours. The following is the score in full:—

TORONTO.		RINK No. 1.	SCARBORO.
A. McPherson,		J. Weir,	
W. McCrossan,		Capt. Callum,	
D Keith,		J. Crawford.	
D. Forbs, skip.	30	R. Thompson, skip.	34
RINK No. 2.			
Major T. Gray,		T. Malcom,	
J. L. Smith,		A. Fleming,	
D. Walker,		W. Crawford,	
Capt. Perry, skip.	34	A. Malcom, skip.	18
RINK No. 3.			
R. Pringle,		A. Walker,	
Capt. P. Gardiner,		F. Cassie,	
Rev. Dr. Barclay,		J. Thompson,	
J. Halliwell, skip.	40	J. Thompson, skip.	19
RINK No. 4.			
D. Christie,		W Maxwell,	
S. Walton,		W. Purdie,	
R. Malcom,		J. Lawrie,	
J. Shedden, skip.	43	Wm. Purdie, skip.	31

Majority for Toronto, 59.

CURLING IN DETROIT, MICH.—One of the most exciting games at curling ever played in Detroit, took place on the 23d ult., between the Granite Club, of that place, and the Thamesville, (Ont.,) Club, said to be one of the best in Canada. The play was very close throughout, and at the last shot of Thamesville, the game was a tie. Granite had one more shot, and although Thamesville stood nearest the "tee," and the approaches were well guarded, a splendid shot displaced the latter's stone, thus winning the match by one shot. The following is the score:—

RINK No. 1. (South.) THAMESVILLE.		RINK No. 2 (North.) THAMESVILLE.	
Fred. Lawrence,		D. McFarlain,	
A. J. C. Shaw.		R. Lan aster,	
Robt. Ferguson,		Geo. West,	
Jas. Ferguson, skip.	20	John Ferguson, skip.	35
GRANITE.		GRANITE.	
J. S. Blair,		Geo. Hendrie,	
N. Mitchell,		J. S. Lorrimer,	
Robert Linn,		Jas. McMillan,	
Peter Young, skip.	17	Thos. Bell, skip.	29

SKATING.

A SUCCESSFUL SEASON.—The season at the Oswego rink ended on the 25th ult., with a fancy dress carnival. As far as we have heard, it has been the most successful of any rink in the country. Skating commenced on the 11th of December, and was enjoyed for 84 days. All the leading professionals in the country appeared during the winter, including Frank Swift, E. T. Goodrich, Callie Curtis, E. W. Pratt, John Powers, John Engler, Nellie Dean and Maggie Ellwood. The great success of this rink has been due, in a great measure, to the liberal policy pursued by the directors, and to the exertions of its superintendent, Mr. James Coursey.

MATCH FOR A BELT.—On the 23d ult., a match was skated at the Rochester rink between Ford P. H

BASE BALL.

BASE BALL IN CINCINNATI.

We mentioned last week that the stockholders of the Buckeye grounds had asked for a receiver to take charge of the grounds. Their prayer has been granted by Judge Taft, of the Superior Court, who has appointed a receiver, with orders to advertise and sell the lease of their grounds. This will probably have the effect of materially changing the status of the different clubs. The Live Oaks, the oldest club in town, and which last season ranked next to the Buckeyes, will very likely give up the ghost. The original members of the "Bucks" are determined to keep the name afloat, but they will probably play only for their own amusement. The strongest amateur nine will be that of the Great Westerns, an energetic young club, composed of the right material, and they will be strongly pushed by the amateur nine of the Cincinnati Club. It may not be generally known that Base Ball is younger in Porkopolis than in any other city of the west, and, perhaps, a short resume of its history there may not prove uninteresting. The Live Oak club, and a club in Dayton, Ky., opposite Cincinnati, were organized in July, 1865, and were soon followed by the Cincinnati and Buckeye clubs, and the Covington and Newport clubs. The Buckeyes, Newports and Covingtons had been old "town ball" clubs, while members of the Union Cricket Club were put in the Cincinnatis. The Live Oaks led off by beating the Daytons, and were in turn beaten by the Covingtons. The Buckeyes and Cincinnatis next came together, the former winning by 20 to 18. Several of the Cincinnatis had never seen the game, and nothing but Harry Wright's pitching made the game so close. In a second game, some time later, the Buckeyes were easily beaten. In the meantime a Base Ball Tournament was held, during a fair at Florence, Ky., in which all the clubs, except the Cincinnatis, participated. The first prize fell to the Covingtons, which was, undoubtedly, the strongest organization, Brookshaw, afterwards short stop for the Bucks, and Grant, of the Cincinnatis, being then in their nine. Then the Covingtons and Cincinnatis came together, and the Kentuckians were beaten. A tournament on the cricket grounds, towards the close of the season, gave the first prize to the Cincinnatis. The next spring the cricket grounds were abandoned, as being too small for base ball, and the Cincinnati Club and Union Cricket Club leased the present spiendid Union grounds, and erected the improvements thereon. From this time the ball club, which had been, in a manner, leaning upon the cricket club, began to take the lead, until now the grounds are in the exclusive possession of the Athletics. This season (1867) the Cincinnatis played an amateur nine merely. Yet they only sustained one defeat—from the Nationals, of Washington. They beat the clubs of Louisville and Indianapolis, and although there was considerable talk about their strength, as compared with the Excelsiors, of Chicago, no match grew out of it. Their score against the Nationals—10 to 54—was the best made against the latter on their western tour, strange as it may appear. And a month after this game, the Red Stockings had been greatly strengthened by the addition of King, Grant and Storer. This season the Buckeyes were second only to the Cincinnatis, having incorporated most of the leading players of the Covington club. The season of 1868, when both the Bucks losing both games. The first score was 28 to 10 against them. They then made a desperate attempt to win the second game. Berthrong, Shields and Studley were brought on from Washington, and the wo former played. The Cincinnatis played without Hatfield, in consequence of the suspicious conduct of the latter, but managed to win the game, after a close struggle, by a score of 20 to 12, most of the surplus being made on the last two innings. Grant, who was substituted for Hatfield, played splendidly. During this season the Great Westerns loomed up, till at the close they were enabled to play good games with the Unions, of St. Louis, and Actives, of Indianapolis. The question as to the western championship was also set at rest, the Red Stockings conquering the St. Louis boys, 70 to 7, and performing the like favor for the Chicago Excelsiors. 22 to 4. This spring the Red Stockings have encountered considerable difficulty in organizing their nine for the coming season. Hatfield's desertion was the first blow, and it was entirely unexpected. Then came Radcliff's expulsion from the Athletics, and they decided to give him up, though they regretted the loss of so fine a player. Sweasy was now engaged for second base, under assurances that make it certain that he will not be unfitted for play, as he was at times with the Buckeyes; and there is no doubt that "Sweas" can play second base when he tries. McVey and Hurley have been brought in as ninth and tenth men. The former was last year the leading player of the Actives, of Indianapolis, and the latter was third base and fielder in the Buckeyes. Both are looked on in Porkopolis as first class. Leonard will be thrown to left field, and will probably alternate with Waterman at third base. Perhaps the thing most to be regretted, as matters now stand, is that there will be no western nine able to give the Red Stockings a close struggle. The Union grounds have been thoroughly drained, and will be fixed for play as soon as the weather is fairly settled.

BATTING THE BALL IN LOUISIANA.

On the 21st ult. the second game of the series between the R. E. Lee Club, of New Orleans, and the Atlantic, of Algiers, La., was played upon the grounds of the latter, terminating in another victory for the former by the subjoined score:—

R. E. LEE.	R.	ATLANTIC.	R.
J. Donovan, p	4	Higgins, p	2
V. C. Bertel, c	5	Steele, 3d b	1
J. Hennessey, 1st b	5	Smith, 1 f	4
Wm. Hudson, 2d b	4	Foley, c f	4
P. Lauer, 3d b	3	Wright, 1st b	2
J. Levy, s s	3	Cooley, c	1
A. Johnson, 1 f	4	Morton, r f	1
F. Donovan, r f	3	McKee, s s	1
M. Redon, c f	3	Belcher, 2d b	2
Total	54	Total	17

Umpire—John O'Connor.

The Lees are now the recognized champions of the State, and are ready to defend the title against all comers. On the same day the Crusaders and Pelicans played a game, with the annexed result:—

CRUSADER.	R.	PELICAN.	R.
Allen, 1st b	1	Norton, s s	4
Keating, p	3	Murtha, c	4
Fox, c	3	Young, 1st b	5
Sherwood, 2d b	3	Hutchings, 2d b	4
Keefe, s s	3	Oberly, 3d b	4
Zimmerman, l f	1	Ford, p	1
Boyle, c f	1	Blanchard, l f	2
Gilthorpe, r f	5	Mahen, c	3
Waterman, 3d b	2	Foley, of the Washingtons, r f	4
Total	22	Total	31

Umpire—Mr Chandler.

The Richmond and Pelican Clubs, of Rapide Parish, were opposed to each other twice recently, the former winning both games, by scores of 33 to 32 and 29 to 22 respectively.

THE "HAYMAKERS."

The famous Union club, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., will present a stronger nine the coming season than they ever before put in the field. The changes from last season are numerous and very important, and will have the effect of making the "Haymakers" even more successful than they have been in past seasons. Wm. Fisher, formerly of the West Philadelphia club, but latterly, of the Buckeyes, of Cincinnati, has been engaged as pitcher. Fisher is one of the swi test pitchers in the fraternity, and his delivery being wild, he is hard to hit. Craver will catch, as a matter of course. He is first-class, and if he can stand Fisher's wild delivery, and play points in his old style, he will be the right man in the right place. The first baseman will be Charley Bearman, who filled the position of pitcher in the club the latter part of last season. There are few better baseme than Bearman, and as he is a good change pitcher, he will be invaluable. Of the second baseman we are not so certain, as we do not know his name. He is a new player, said to be Bellan, from the Union Club of Morrisania. Bonker, a young fellow who made quite a name for himself last season in the position, will play short stop. The third base, which has been so acceptably filled for several seasons by Cal. Penfield, will be occupied this season by some of the oldest "Haymakers." Abrams, who formerly pitched for the Unions, will play third base, and as he is not new to the position, and is a good batter, will undoubtedly strengthen the nine. The fielders will remain the same as before. The King brothers—Steve and Mart—and Clipper Flynn, are undoubtedly as good as there are in any club in the country. The "Haymakers" will occupy their old ground on the race-course, where they achieved their greatest successes. They will visit New York in the course of the season, to try conclusions with their old friends, the Mutuals and Atlantics.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.—Cuthbert, of the Athletics, has lost the handsome medal presented to him by his *admirers*.....Wm. Paterson, of the Eckfords, was the recipient of an imperial photograph of himself, for making the best average last season. The donor was Mr. E. M. Howell, of Bogardus' gallery, a member of the Eckfords, and an ardent admirer of the game.....Johnnie Kelly is going to unite his fortunes to the old Empire Club, and promises to get together a crack amateur nine for the veterans.....Charley Bearman has not yet made up his mind where he will play this season. He is wanted at Lansingburgh, Chicago and Philadelphia.....W. P. Norton, the crack first baseman of the Eagles last season, will not take an active part in the game this summer....Charley Pabor has joined the Ross Club, of Harlem, it is said.....Dan Kleinfelder, formerly of the Athletics, will captain the Keystones this season.....Mr. A. Babcock, an old Atlantic, has been elected president of the new Pastime Club, of Richmond.....The old Gothams, having elected a wide awake set of officers, are making extensive preparations to get together a good nine for the coming season.

MUTUAL CLUB OF SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.—The following gentlemen were elected officers of this club on the 12th ult.:—Glenn Welch, President; Geo. Duke, Vice President; Wm. Baker, Secretary; Wm. Siubbe, Treasurer. Board of Directors: John Clarke, Joe Leffel, James Williamson.

The following are the nine selected by the new board:—Wm. Baker, catcher; Joe Leffel, pitcher; James Williamson, 1st base; John Baldwin, 2d base; John Clarke, 3d base; James Thomas, short stop; George Duke, left field; Henry Willis, centre field; Sam. Knight, right field.

We are requested to state by the secretary, Mr. Wm. Baker, that the statement in a former number of our paper that the Mutuals were to have a professional nine, is incorrect. They have selected an amateur nine, and intend to conduct the club on that basis in future.

THE WEATHER AND THE BALL FIELDS.—The weather we have been experiencing for a week past, is making short work of what little frost there is left beneath the turf of the Union and Capitoline Grounds. The proprietors of these fields are making every exertion to get their grounds in ship-shape for an early opening of the season. At the Union the turf wears a bright, green look, and in a short time everything will be in readiness for a practice game. The Capitoline is not so far advanced, but will not be behind its neighbors when the season fairly opens. Just now both of those resorts are being used for velocipede riding, and present quite a different appearance from what they will in a few weeks from now.

FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON.—The opening game of the season of 1869 will take place on the Capitoline grounds, Bedford, L. I., on the 3d inst. At 4 P. M., of that day, should the weather prove pleasant, sides will be chosen from the amateurs present, and a game of five innings will be played. A new bat will be presented to the player making the first base the most times on clean hits, and a new ball for the prettiest catch. Messrs. Peck and Snyder, with their usual liberality, will donate the prizes.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.—We are glad to hear that John Goldie, the noted baseman, who has been under the weather for some time, is just recovering. Speaking of Goldie, puts us in mind of the rumor that he has cast his fortunes with the Eckford Club for the coming season. We do not know whether there is any truth in the story, but hope it is true, for Goldie will add strength to any club with which he associates himself.

LOUISIANA B. B. ASSOCIATION.—This organization lately held a meeting in New Orleans, when the following officers were chosen:—President, F. Green; Vice President, Wm. Tracy; Treasurer, M. Allen; Secretary, E. Reynolds. Ten clubs were represented, viz.:—Southern, Lone Star, Washington, Crusader, Comet, Pelican, Atlantic, Graham and Fearless.

"NOT FOR JOE."—An unpleasant rumor prevailed in the early part of last week, which was to the effect that Joe Start, the first base of the Atlantic, had departed this life. The death of a brother of Joseph led to the rumor, which created a profound sensation for a short time.

RACING CRAFT FOR SALE.—Club desiring to obtain six-oared outrigger racing gigs, or double and single scull seventeen foot working boats, new or second hand, are referred to an advertisement in another column.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE PROPOSED CHAMPION MEETING.

The announcement, through our columns last week, of the intention of Bill Faldon and Jim Colbert, of Philadelphia, to offer an elegant silver goblet, of the value of about $300, as a prize to the winner of a fifty mile walking match, as also second and third prizes, has created considerable stir in pedestrian circles, and from the favor in which the announcement has been received it is fair to surmise that responses will be made from nearly all the principal walkers and runners of the country, indicative of their intention to compete. Upon further consideration the projectors have concluded to offer a suitable prize—probably two hundred dollars—to the man who completes the first twenty-five miles of the fifty ahead; this is a very sensible move, as besides enabling spectators to witness the contest for that distance from beginning to end without remaining upon the ground all day, it throws the race open to a larger field, and there by enhances the interest thereof. They have also wisely concluded to change the time previously announced for the depositing of the entrance fee at this office and now state that the first instalment, of $10, must be made by the first day of May, and the second, of $15, not later than the twentieth day of May. They likewise have under consideration the propriety of offering a prize for a mile race. It is to be hoped that the efforts of Messrs. Faldon and Colbert to restore the sport of pedestrianism to the favor which it enjoyed before the reprehensible collusions of its followers withdrew from it the support and confidence of the public will be properly seconded by all admirers of legitimate sport. They declare it to be their firm determination to have everything conducted strictly "upon the square," and that the winner of the main trophy, as likewise the subordinate prizes, will be without question the best men. That this will be so in the case of the cup, at least there is not the slightest reason to doubt, as its value arises not so much from the amount of money it cost as from the fact that it will constitute the recognized emblem of the championship, and this will impel those competing to strive their utmost to secure it. It is desirable that an early notification of acceptance be forwarded by pedestrians throughout the country to Messrs. Faldon and Colbert, in care of this office, in order that they may be the better able to govern themselves in the premises; they will also be pleased to receive communications from pedestrians and others, suggesting whatever changes, etc., they may consider advisable.

VELOCIPEDE RACING IN THE SMOKY CITY.—A series of velocipede contests took place at the City Hall, Pittsburgh, on the evening of the 25th ult., the competitors being members of the school. The entertainment commenced with a fast race, distance half a mile (eight circuits of the hall), for which J. P. Logan, J. Herron, J. C. Conroy, W. Hunter, D. Quinn, E. Low, A. Morganstern, H. Eaton and S. Dunseath entered. The first prize, a solid gold velocipede, for which chain, was awarded to Mr. Logan, he having made the distance in 2:08. Mr. Herron secured the second prize, a gold pen and case; time, 2:09. The third prize, a season ticket, was awarded to J. C. Conroy; time, 2:11. An exhibition of slow riding followed, once around the hall. Charles Linford secured the first prize, a silver cup; Samuel Dunseath the second, a card case; D. Quinn was awarded a season ticket, the third prize. The time made by the contestants respectively was as follows:—2:43; 2:38 and 1:55. H. Eaton carried off the first prize for fancy and general riding, and on fancy and trick riding, consisting of a silver goblet and a gold velocipede charm. James Chambers received the second prize, a season ticket. Two double races, five times around the hall, between Messrs. Lowe and Hunter, and Messrs. Eston and Dunseath, then came off, Mr. Lowe being successful in the former and Mr. Dunseath in the latter. The contest was an interesting one, and Mr. Sherwin, Whipple & Co., the managers of the school, deserve credit, as do also the gentlemen who partici pated.

VELOCIPEDIANA IN BRIEF.—Frank Sebring, the well known ball tosser, has opened schools in Brooklyn and Hoboken. .....Country made machines are making their appearance in large numbers, and soon the market will be flooded with them.....Clinton street, Brooklyn, was crowded with velocipede and other pedestrians on the afternoon of the 27th. .....Frank Swift opened the Rochester Rink on the 29th as a school. He will soon open schools at the Buffalo, Syracuse and Oswego rinks.....At the Wigwam, Paterson, N. J., on the 25th, C. H. Stagg made the circuit of the rink forty times in 5:43.....The new velocipedes for ladies is becoming very popular, and the ladies will be seen at every exhibition.....'Velocambiestrianism," "Velocipedestribicycleanism," "Velostodium" and "Bicyledrome," are among the latest names invented for the new motive. .....Miss Pearsall, a sister of the well known brothers of that name, appeared on Clinton street, Brooklyn, on the evening of the 27th, and created quite a sensation by her graceful riding.....The Jersey City Skating Rink has been turned into a velocipede and parlor skating school, under the management of Frank Rivers. The opening took place on the evening of the 29th.

SPORT ON THE BICYCLE.—A race for a five dollar greenback came off at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the evening of the 26th ult., he who made the fastest time to take the money. There were twelve competitors, who started in couples from opposite sides of the room, and considerable sport was created by the several trials. Mr. Garland won, accomplishing the distance, ten circuits of the hall, in 1:47. During the evening, Miss Ella Franklin and Master Brofield gave exhibitions of riding that won great applause from the spectators, who were at a loss which to admire most—the graceful and perfectly ladylike riding of the fair and accomplished lady velocipedist, or the brilliant and astonishing manœuvres of the youthful disciple of velocipedestribicleanism.

MICHIGANDERS ON THE VELOCIPEDE.—Detroit has now two large velocipede schools in full blast. At the gymnasium weekly exhibitions are given every Friday evening, and at the rink every Saturday evening, when prizes are offered for the most expert and fastest riding. At the latter place a contest took place on the 20th ult., for a gold lined silver goblet, distance, five circuits of the rink, or a full half mile. Wm. French made the half mile in 1:30, and P. B. McCabe in 1:28, thus winning the prize.

MISS CARRIE A. MOORE and J. H. Carroll were announced to appear in a velocipedic entertainment at City Hall, Providence, R. I., on the 29th and 31st ult.

THE PAYN-WESTON MATCH.—It has been decided that the walking match between C. N. Payn and E. P. Weston, from Walnut Creek, Pa., to the Buffalo post office, will commence at the former place, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the 1st inst—a dubious day, by the way. D. J. McPherson and H. P. Burr have been chosen as judges for Weston, while Payn has selected Frank E. Shaw and William Hubble. The distance is said to be a trifle over 103 miles.

"WM. JOHNSON," of Akron, O., and Wm. A. Kendricks, of Philadelphia, are matched to run one hundred yards for $300 a side, left open for $500, at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 8th inst.

WITHDRAWN HIS MONEY.—As Strickland failed to make good his high sounding challenge when Wm. Richards, the Welshman, sent on a check for $100 with his card of acceptance, some weeks since, we have returned the latter's deposit.

THE VELOCIPEDE MANIA still rages in Buffalo, N. Y. New galleries are opened every week. Simonds Brothers have leased the old Partridge store on Main street, which is 200 by 30—learners ride in the basement, experts on the ground floor .....Snow & Caswell, in the Arcade, have some fine machines, and expect an additional number soon. Still another school is to be opened at Pearl street, with twenty-five machines..... The Rink is being put in order for Frank Swift, and will soon be opened.

THE RING.

RECEPTION TO THE IRISH GIANT.

Ned O'Baldwin arrived in this city on the 25th ult., accompanied by James H. Coffey, of Boston, and Mr. Lynch, of Salem, the latter of whom is one of his bondsmen, and of course his advent occasioned somewhat of a stir in sporting circles, everybody wishing to get a look at him, and note what alteration a few weeks' incarceration within the walls of a New England prison had made in his appearance. He has taken good care of himself since that release, however, and by regular living and the avoidance of all excesses, has almost recovered the amount of avoirdupois which he lost during confinement. He fully recognizes the nature of the predicament in which his brief mill with Wormald has placed him, and very sensibly announces his determination to have nothing to do with match making until he is able to read his title clear to liberty. As our readers are aware, his success in this respect depends upon his soliciting a certain amount of money; and he purposes to do this by giving a series of exhibitions throughout the States. He has already given one in Boston, filling the Olympic Theatre, and netting about $1,400, and the second is announced to take place at the Swimming Academy, corner of Sixth avenue and Thirtieth street, this city, on Thursday evening, April 1st. The entertainment will be varied in character, embracing music, vocal and instrumental, clog and jig dancing, wrestling, club swinging and sparring. O'Baldwin will also appear in Jem Mace's specialty of the Grecian Statues "for this night only," so that those who have heard of but not seen "the cleverest man in England," can see how he earns his livelihood at present. The performance, all in all, promises to be of a very entertaining character, and in view of the object to which the receipts are to be devoted, it is expected that the attendance will be very large, which expectation we trust may be realized. In addition to this between many leading members of the metropolitan fancy, it is probable that the windup will be given by O'Baldwin and Coffey, the latter being one of the finest exponents of the art in New England, who created considerable excitement in a set-to with the Giant in Boston some months ago.

BENEFIT FOR GEORGE SEDDONS.—This skillful young lightweight boxer arrived in this city last week from the Hub, in company with young McCann, of that place, and proposes to give an exhibition at the lower hall of 600 Broadway, on Saturday evening, 3d inst. George's mill with Tommy Kelly was the means of involving him in legal difficulties of a serious nature, and as the object of his present appeal is to raise funds to assist in extricating him therefrom, the fraternity have an additional incentive to turn out strong in his behalf. It is stated that Barney and Johnny Aaron will positively appear upon the occasion in one of their scientific and amusing setto, while for the wind-up Barney will box the compass with Seddons, who is said to have made Tim Collins keep his eyes about him at O'Baldwin's benefit in Boston lately.

OFFERING UP THANKS.—We are requested by Ned O'Baldwin to return his sincere thanks to Messrs. Sheere, James and John Shea, Jas. H. Coffey and others, of Boston; Messrs. Lynch and Carey, of Salem, Mass., and others, for the interest they have manifested in his behalf, and for the many acts of kindness extended to him, trusting that his conduct may prove that their friendship and confidence is not misplaced.

GEORGE SEDDONS took a benefit at Turner Hall, Boston, Mass., on the night of the 23d ult., which was well attended. The feature of the evening was the closing bout between Seddons and Tim Collins. A slashing boxing match of five rounds ensued, occasioning great excitement among the spectators. The hitting is said to have been about equal, and in the clinches which terminated every round Seddons threw Collins thrice.

ARREST OF THE NONPAREIL.—A telegram from Indianapolis, Ind., states that Dick Hollwood was arrested on the morning of the 27th ult., upon two charges—one of having been implicated in a confidence operation, whereby a man from Lafayette was relieved of some $800, and another with having "assisted" in "vouchreing" a stranger out of a large sum of money in the White House, kept by Hollwood.

THE WRESTLING MATCH between Homer Lane and Henry Grace, stated to be for $500 a side, best two in three fair back falls, collar and elbow holds, took place at 600 Broadway on the night of the 27th ult. James Center acted as referee, Harry Hill umpiring for Lane and Lew Cole for Grace. The latter gained the first fall and Lane the second. In the third bout they came to grief together, when Grace stated that he had sprained his ankle, and the referee ordered a postponement until the 2d inst. Will the sprain be all right by that time?

REPORTED SHOOTING OF JOE COBURN.—Our San Francisco, Cal., correspondent informs us that at the date of writing, a rumor was prevalent to the effect that Joe Coburn was shot and killed by a miner during an altercation at White Pine, the newly discovered mining district. We have no confirmation of the report.

CHARLEY GALLAGHER gave a sparring exhibition at Olympic Hall, Cincinnati, on the 26th, to a very good house. There was a variety entertainment, concluding with a quiet bout between the *brace fiasco* and Tom Ryan, instead of Dublin Tricks, as advertised. So far as sparring went the affair was decidedly tame.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Bob Brettle, Johnny Hickey, Dan Monahan and John Ody.

FIGHT BETWEEN A SCOTCHMAN AND A DUTCHMAN.—A scrapping match is said to have taken place near Huntington, Tenn., lately, between James Shankbone, of Scotland, and Robert Butler, who hails originally from the banks of the Rhine. After battering away through ten rounds the referee awarded the battle to the latter.

THE GLOVES IN THE ELM CITY.—A sparring and variety exhibition for the joint benefit of Patsy Sheppard and Dan Kerrigan, will be given at Union Hall, New Haven, Ct., on Tuesday evening, 6th inst.

DOCK MARTIN has not been able to secure a hall in Philadelphia wherein to give an exhibition during the current week, and has therefore deferred it.

BILLIARDS.

PRACTICE GAMES BY DION AND FOSTER.—In preparing for their great contest on the 6th inst. Dion and Foster are both playing surprisingly. In the last four games played by him up to our going to press, Dion had averaged respectively 68¾, 77, 111, and 111. Each of the games was 1,000 points up. In one he made a run of 552; in another, 472; in another, 430; and in another 268, 310, and 344. Although playing astonishingly at times, Foster's general average has not been so large as Dion's. Last week he played with Phelan, Dailey, Deery, Goldthwait, and Asa Brainard, the amateur. On Monday afternoon he discounted the latter in a game of 500. Brainard made runs of 114, 40, two 24's, 18, etc., or a total of 300. Foster's best runs were 208, 193, 156, 124, and 86, and averaged 100. The same afternoon, at Reeves', he played Goldthwait 300 up, on a pocket table, winning in five innings, and consequently averaging 60. Monday night, at Chris. O'Connor's, he played Maurice Daley, beating him 500 in 1,000. Both ran over 225. On Tuesday afternoon, in a short game with an amateur, he made one run of 375, but would not have averaged more than 18. At night time he played at O'Connor's. The game was 1,500 points, and Foster, averaging one hundred and seven and one seventh, won by 860. Dailey made runs of 205, 100, and 90, and Foster of 418, 268, 205, 110, and 84. On Wednesday afternoon he discounted Phelan, who counted three for each single carom, and six for double ones. The game was 800 points, and the playing poor on both sides. Foster won, averaging about 37. At night Foster was beaten by Deery in a French game. On Thursday afternoon he played a game of 600, discounting his opponent, and allowing him to count three for each carom. Phelan played for about half a dozen innings, and then resigned the cue to Mr. Brainard. Foster, who made four runs above 100, and one of 222, won by about 400, his average being 42¾. On Saturday afternoon, dispensing with the odds of discount, he encountered Phelan, in a game of 500, and played surprisingly bad, the following being the score:—

FOSTER.—21, 28, 0, 2, 79, 11, 20, 30, 0, 31, 24, 0, 10, 3, 9. Total, 275. Average, 17.

PHELAN.—81, 24, 48, 21, 30, 6, 12, 6, 12, 18, 18, 48, 54, 63, 21, 38. Total, 500. Average, 31¼.

PERSONAL.—P. D. Kilduff arrived at San Francisco on the 18th.....Philip Tieman will be at the tournament to be held in this city.....Frank Fitch, of Troy, was in town last week. .....Melvin Foster and Maurice Daley visited New London and Norwich last week. In the latter place they played a short game, without push, Foster making a run of 300 .....Brigham Young charges billiard room keepers a license of $300 per month .....Joseph Gerstel, of Cincinnati, is at present in this city.....So as Asa Brainard, of the same city, who is a fine billiard player, as well as a crack pitcher of base balls. ..... Melvin Foster will start for Montreal on the 2d inst.....William Wicks' new room in Brooklyn is nearly ready.....Capt. Boyle has invented a machine, at once cheap and effective, for trimming cue leathers.....Cyrille Dion the other day made a run of 300, without the push shot.....Fred. E. Smith's great run of six thousand and over was made in the crotch..... Joseph O'Connor has gone to Guelph, C. W.....Simon Burns is in charge of the rooms at the corner of Twenty-second street and Broadway.....Maurice Dailey was beaten last week at the push barred game, by Goldthwait.....Foster will probably open a room in New London next month.....Goldthwait has left Williamsburgh, and is engaged at Capt. Reeves'.

FRED SMITH'S RUN OF 6,932.—A Chilliecothe paper thus explains how Fred. E. Smith made his run of 6,932 "without pushing:"—"Smith and Robinson commenced a game at half-past nine, on Tuesday evening—Smith to play 600 to Robinson's 200. Smith having the lead, failed to count, Robinson played and scored 8. Smith then ran the red and white on the side cushion, and after making several hundred, jawed the two balls and scored his six hundred. At the request of the large crowd present, Mr. Smith continued on his play, and as the crowd did not feel satisfied to have him stop, he continued to play all night, and until half past ten A. M., Wednesday when he got froze, his total run being 6,932, without the push. Parties sat up all night watching to see if he made fair strokes. This is the largest run we have ever heard of without the push, and we are authorized to say, by responsible men who sat up and watched him, that he made no push, and all were fair strokes. We should say Mr. Smith was a walkist as well as a billiardist."

EXHIBITION BY PHELAN, DEERY AND OTHERS.—At Fitzgerald's rooms, on the 24th, Messrs. Phelan, Deery, Goldthwait, and Foster gave an exhibition to a well-filled house. Deery and Foster played a French game of 50 points, which the former won by about 27. A similar game between Phelan and Deery also resulted in favor of the latter; while a push-barred game of 500 points, between Foster and Goldthwait, in which indifferent play was shown on both sides, was determined in favor of the former, who made no run above 125.

THE TOURNAMENT GAMES.—It has been decided that in the tournament each carom shall be valued at three points, whether made upon the twored balls, or upon the red and white; that the game shall be 1,500 points each; that the "jaw" as well as the push, shall be prohibited; and that, in addition to twelve games in the night time, and eleven in the afternoon, eight will have to be played in the morning. There will have to be twenty-eight regular games, and it is thought that there will be at least three ties.

MATCH IN GENEVA, N. Y.—On the 17th ult., W. J. Guilford and Douglas Morrison played a game of 1,000 points. Guilford won by 357, and averaged 31¾. Best run, 82.

FOSTER AND BRAISTED.—The match for $50 a side between these players, Foster to give Braisted 150 points out of 300 at the French game, was prematurely closed on the 24th, by Braisted paying forfeit.

CANINE AND ROOSTER CONTESTS AT WYOMING.—A correspondent writing from Black Buttes, on March 7th, says:—"A rattling dog fight came off here a few days ago between Detroit 'Pete' and Albany 'Crib.' The contest was for $100 a side, and after fighting one hour and twenty minutes, it was decided best to draw off the 'purps,' rather than have both killed, as assuredly would have been the result. Both dogs were terribly punished, but are recovering from injuries. As a people we are remarkably sporting, and this station will be the embarking point for Sweetwater miners this spring, we propose to give a chance who wishes to increase capital before starting for the mines. Among the notable features of our town are a 32 or 30 pound Jap and a 40 pound dog, either of which can be matched for $500 or $1,000 a side. Also a Mexican fighting cock. All pounds, which can be matched for $250 to fight with 1½ inch heel; also, a dragon pigeon which we will fly two, ten or twenty miles against any pigeon in the States for $200, or more, if a match can be made. We have runners, wrestlers, jumpers and fighters, and can accommodate any "sportist" who is aching for business."

HARE HUNTING IN CHINA.—The hunter goes out, with his game-bag slung to his side and his falcon poised on his finger. Presently his sharp eye detects a hare in the grass. Instantly he sets out at a brisk trot, tramping heavily round and round in an ever-narrowing circle, until the timorous beast scuds off, "outrunning the wind, to overshoot his troubles." Then, with a wild "Al, al! poung hio!" the falcon is let loose upon him. The stroke is as certain as fate. Down comes the fierce bird upon "poor Wat's" back, beak in neck and talons in fluff. Escape is hopeless. In a few moments, before even the hunter has time to come up, the hare lies quivering in its death throes. A piece of flesh is torn off to reward the falcon, the rest goes into the bag, and master and bird stroll off together to find another quarry. Oddly enough, though they take all this trouble to catch their hare, the Chinese rarely eat him; they boil him down to make soup, and fling the flesh away as worthless.

A FIVE MILE BOAT RACE, in seventeen feet working boats, two and a half miles out and return, is to take place on the Hudson River Rowing Association's Course on Tuesday, April 27th, between 2 and 4 P. M., for $200 a side, at which the contestants for oaric supremacy are to be James Shaw and William Hays. The articles of agreement have been duly signed, sealed and delivered, and the first deposit, of $50 a side, was duly made at the CLIPPER office on the 23d of March. The second deposit, of $75 a side, is to be made on April 7th, and the third and last on April 20th, at the CLIPPER office, when and where the final stakeholder and referee are to be chosen.

AN UPSTART.—A negro boy was driving a mule in Jamaica, when the animal suddenly stopped and refused to budge. "Won't you go, eh?" said the boy. "Feel grand, do you? I s'pose you forget your fadder was a jackass!"

NO MATTER how firmly we believe an opinion, it is always strengthened by another's assent; as aquatic plants, though living in the water, are refreshed by a shower.

AMUSEMENTS.

"OPINIONS OF THE PRESS"
On the Great Burlesque Artistes,
COOL BURGESS and ROLLIN HOWARD,
now on their farewell tour throughout Ontario and the Eastern States:—

"Mr. Howard gave us the most graceful and elegant personation of female character we ever witnessed, and as 'Lucrezia Borgia' burlesqueing, the prima donna surpasses all in his business."—Albion Journal.

"Mr. Howard is the best burlesque prima donna that has ever appeared in our city. He stoops to no coarseness or vulgarity for applause."—Detroit Free Press.

"Cool was the great card, and fairly brought down the house whenever he appeared. The burlesque 'Grand Dutch-us' is the best thing of the kind ever produced here. The audience was kept in a roar from the time it commenced until it ended. Cool was inimitable as 'Fritz.' Rollin Howard surpassed all his former efforts in it. His style of singing 'Le Sabre de Mon Pere' is very fine, the air being rendered in a manner that some of our stars might take pattern from."—Toronto Telegraph, March 1.

"Cool is the man to draw crowds, and his comicalities always elicit the approval of his audience. Rollin Howard as 'The Dutch-us,' made a wonderful hit, which with the magnificent dresses, good music, and wit void of vulgarity, is sure to draw wherever produced. Howard is a great artist."—Times, Ottawa, March 20.

"Of Cool Burgess we need say nothing; he is as he always was, a host in himself, sufficient to make a first class reputation for any troupe he travels with. Last night he kept the house in a continual roar of laughter. His 'Big Sun Flower' is only second to his 'Nicodemus Johnson,' in which no other performer has ever equaled him. The star of the evening, however, was Rollin Howard as 'The Gay Young Swell' and 'The Grand Dutch-us,' which was ludicrous to a degree, and Howard's acting magnificent. His voice is really a wonderful one. Last evening he several times sung 'C in alt.' As a female in look, action and voice, he surpasses anything that has traveled in Canada."—Ottawa Citizen, March 19. 52-14

NED TURNER & DAN KELLY
are now ready to negotiate with responsible managers. Bis. either end, banjo solos, double and single acts, &c. Address care of SANDY SPENCER, No. 512 Broadway. 52-14*

PLAYS.—All Wanting Plays
should send to W. C. WEMYSS, 3 Astor Place, N. Y. 51-6t

SANYEAH, The FLYING LADY.
SANYEAH, the Beautiful and Graceful Lady Gymnast.
SANYEAH, now performing at Crosby's Opera House, Chicago, to crowded houses nightly.
Madame SANYEAH kindly thanks managers of theatres for the offer of engagements, but begs to decline arrangements to join YANKEE ROBINSON'S GREAT CIRCUS for the season of 1869, therefore cannot make any arrangements after Chicago. YANKEE ROBINSON'S GREAT CIRCUS commences at Dayton, Ohio, April 12th. 52-14*

"YANKEE ROBINSON'S CONSOLIDATED SHOW."—Parties engaged please report at Dayton, Ohio, in time for rehearsal, &c.—TO OPEN SATURDAY, APRIL THE 10TH—without further notice. By authority "YANKEE" ROBINSON. 51-14

MANAGERS, ACTORS,
SCENIC ARTISTS, &c.—For sale, at less than ordinary rates, splendid swords, with changeable hilts; sword blades, spangles, silk and worsted tights, and a color mill for grinding colors. Apply to (52-1*) CHARLES FARELOW, 616 Broadway.

A CARD.
JOHNNY REDDIN,
The Comedian and general performer, took a farewell benefit at the Office Varieties in this city, on the 13th of February, and opened in Mobile a few nights thereafter, where he is now carrying on the Mobile Varieties.

Mr. Reddin's shameful and graceless conduct in accusing an innocent and unoffending girl of a most heinous offence entitles him to execration and the disgust of the profession. He reports in Mobile that a much esteemed lady barroom waiter girl at the Montgomery Varieties robbed him of a set of diamond studs, whereas it can be shown that he deposited his diamond studs as pawn, in order to raise sufficient funds to get him out of this city.

He is attempting to elicit sympathy for himself by circulating this monstrous and untruthful report, and endeavoring also to damage the Office Varieties of Montgomery by slandering one of its waiter girls. G. B. W.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., March 20, 1869.

METROPOLITAN Music Hall,
EAST SAGINAW, MICH.
WM. B. SMITH.....Proprietor
CHAS COLLINS.....Stage Manager
Open every evening with a full company. Talent wanted at all times. 52-24*

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
SAN FRANCISCO.
LESSEE.....CHARLES POOLE.
Wanted, a thorough LEADING MAN and JUVENILE. Also Talent of first order. Stars liberally treated with. Apply as above, or at CLIPPER Office, for particulars.
Would be glad to hear from Mr. HENRY NEIL WARNER, Mr. C. W. BARRY and Mr. HENDERSON. Telegraph immediately. 52-41

THE ORIGINAL PITTSBURGH BOYS,
TOM AND FRANK,
DOUBLE CLOGGISTS AND DOUBLE SONG AND DANCE PERFORMERS,
Together with HARRY MACK,
STAGE MANAGER AND GENERAL PERFORMER,
are open to negotiate with Managers of MUSIC HALLS AND FIRST CLASS MINSTRELS,
For one, two or three months.
Should be pleased to lease for the Summer Season some good Music Hall (one already established).
Managers wishing to engage one, two, or all of the above combination, will address PITTSBURGH BOYS,
52-11* Clipper Office, New York City.

NORTH WESTERN MUSEUM COMPANY.
ALLEN & OAKS.....Proprietors.
To add to the attractions of this interesting and popular collection of curiosities, we are prepared to negotiate for Living Curiosities, such as Bearded Women, Skeletons, Dwarfs, &c. Address Messrs. ALLEN & OAKS, care N. Y. Clipper. 52-41*

MR. F. TOURNIAIRE,
SOMERSAULT RIDER,
Can be engaged for the coming season by addressing him, care of Clipper Office, or care of MR. WALLACE, No. 1,103 Coul

THE DANCER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY ALBERT M. SMITH.

A being from a land unknown—
A mortal to a goddess grown—
With power and beauty clothed upon,
Venus and Juno joined in one—
Through and upon the air she glides,
Each sense but sight in sleep abides.

A vision bright is the Queen of the Air,
And a spell is her's beyond compare;
Brighter than brightest of all bright dreams
She to the watching wonderers seems—
A Grace, in whom all grace is met,
The dancer spreads her 'wildering net.

She swims in, floats on an airy sea,
Where heaving billows of ether be,
Then stums in triumph over the crest,
Flirts of the spray her foot carest;
And on the buoyant sea upborne,
She laughs all power but hers to scorn.

Queen o' Queens o' the sights o' the eye,
Who is not spelled her graces by?
Brighter than brightest of all bright dreams,
She to the watching wonderers seems
A Grace, in whom all grace is met,
The dancer spreads her 'wildering net.

Now spinning around in a beautiful whirl,
Round her zone like a banner the white skirts unfurl,
And though action immodest the sensualist sees,
To the true man there's nothing to heat or to freeze;
But a vision of beauty to gracefulness true,
The bright beaming dancer whirls on in his view.

So, Queen of the Dancers, whirl on your bright way,
Still through and upon the glad air gliding gay,
While round you the banners of beauty unfurl,
Proclaiming the triumph of beauty's bright pearl;
Still, Grace, 'mong the graces where all grace is met,
Spread for our ensnaring your 'wildering net.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 49.—Popular Religious Exhibitions.

In my younger days there existed many phases of prevalent public worship, which afforded ample opportunities for the satisfaction of the curious sight seekers, who, upon the Sabbath, compulsorily observed as a day of universal rest, loitered around places of religious assembly, rather more for the purpose of whiling away hours of idleness, than in the hope of acquiring divine instruction. The love feasts and revivals, the experience re-unions and the protracted meetings of the Methodists, as well as the public baptism of communicants to the congregations, bearing their distinctive appellation, derived from that ceremonial, were generally regarded by the young masculines as occasional entertainments from which the outside world could induce a passing amusement, in the absence of more attractive pastimes. On the west side of the town, where the population was pre-eminently of a native born origin, there were two particular religious incidents connected with the Methodist form of worship, which were regarded as especial opportunities for the clandestine enjoyment of fun and frolic among the irreverent of the rising generation, who, however, at more than one time, displayed propensities for jocularity, seriously indisposing the fancied solemnity of the ceremonials. These two preferred scenes of enjoyment were at the occurrence of the annual love feast of the Bedford street Methodist Church, and of the ceremony of "Watch Night," or of praying the New Year in and the Old Year out by the congregation of the same meeting house.

Of the two festivals the love feast was decidedly the most interesting, inasmuch as the communicants at that temple being generally known personally to the attendent outsiders, the open confession of their religious transgressions and of their wordly temptations, as well as their recital of the various manners in which they, as they styled it, experienced religion—disclosures which almost invariably formed the main attraction of the convocation, served as ample texts for the jocose comments from curious auditors. In the frenzy of ianatic zeal, prompted and excited by the discourses, harangues, and prayers of their class leaders, many persons, especially among the recent neophytes, unburdened their bosom of real or imaginary derelictions, and, with ill advised ingenuousness, oftentimes betrayed secrets endangering the good repute of the fair ones of the congregation, and supplying the gossips of the neighborhood with themes for oft repeated scandal. Indeed, so seriously at one time did the sneers and criticisms of sinners and publicans incautiously admitted within the circle of the fold, and the grotesque retailing of the conversion and accusative testimony, militate against the wordy rendition of church attendants, that an ordinance was enacted precluding the entrance of "those of the world" without a pass under the signature of the officiating minister, and even this privilege was legitimately to be accorded an outside barbarian but thrice in a life time. But, in defiance of this prohibition, the love feasts frequently became scenes of disorder, as well from the vehemence of the confessor's denunciations of his previous friends and acquaintances as from the ironical applause and derisive approbation bestowed upon the more salient points of a self condemned's self exhibition by those of the unconverted, haunting the galleries and more obscure corners of the sanctified edifice. Of late years, however, as the primitive character of methodical worship has been compelled to undergo a change more consonant with the usages of Protestant coreligionists, the turmoil and disorders of a real old fashioned love feast, whereat the passing around of a water pitcher and a platter of bread chippings was taken as a substitute for the sacrament of the Last Supper, have been effectually suppressed, as the curiosity which formally excited the public mind to witness this religious ceremony has been gradually dissipated, through competitive and more novel attractions in worship among other sectarians.

The New Year's Eve festival was a particular favorite with the fair attendants at the Bedford Street Church, who, to speak the truth, composed a remarkably comely collection of damsels, gifted with a rotundity of face and buxomness in form, rarely to be encountered in these latter days of fashionable dyspepsy. As a vast majority of the female communicants were unmarried, their pretty countenances and social manners were doubly appreciated by the train of masculines, usually young mechanics, like Caleb in search of a wife, who rarely failed to secure entry to the meeting-house upon festive occasions, thence triumphantly to reconduct Jane Amanda, Ann Eliza, or some similarly designated coquette of religious propensities to the threshold of her domicile. In truth, with the matdens of our municipal village, seeking salvation upon the wooden benches of the Bedford street establishment, the acceptance of an escort upon the eve before the New Year's dawn was regarded as an incontestible prognostication of her [illegible] same attendant cavalier, before the termination of the course of the year in this wise ominously ushered in. The girls of the village, the main component of Methodism thereabout, let me parenthetically observe, differed essentially, physically and intellectually, from those to be encountered in other parts of the town. There was a pleasantness in the comeliness of their features, a solidity in their muscular formation, a gaiety and unreservedness in demeanor, a frankness and enthusiasm in their conversation, and a general tone of pleasureable contentment in their every day behaviour, which, despite their professions of evangelical austerity, bestowed upon these charming daughters of toil—for they were generally laborers at, but by no means slaves to, the needle, a fascinating attractiveness and a cordial reciprocity in sentiment vainly to be detected amid the votaries of fashion, or the angels of *parvenu* creation.

Let it not be imagined that, however puritanical the appelations of these methodistical fair ones, or conventionally severe the discipline of the religious worship by them adopted, they proved loth to indulge in specialties of worldly amusement, on the contrary, a majority of their Sabbath day asceticities being put aside along with their Sunday-go-to-meeting dresses, the younger of the females, married as well as single, conserved, particularly during the winter season, actual observation of the numerous fireside gambols and domestic pastimes, now unhappily obsolete, which were wont to gladden the hearthsides of our English and Hollandish progenitors. Eschewing dancing, stage plays and such like entertaining vanities, the young folks of the village at their numerous merry meetings, such as weddings, birthday parties and other holiday revelries, wherein both sexes participated with equal freedom and ardor, enjoyed the hilarity of round games of the hearthside, among which "turning the platter," with its accompaniment of "pawns" or "forfeits," stood pre-eminent in general favor. I am aware that in these days of super-etiquette it might be deemed indecorous for a newly made bride or a buxom borden to venture to the centre of an apartment, and there, while twirling the pewter plate, to signalize the appellative number of some masculine cowring, whose knee thereupon became, under penalty of paying forfeit, to catch the revolving platter before it touched the floor in an expiring whirl. Then it was awarded his turn to summons, in a like manner, some fair one to accomplish, under a like pain, a similar feat. More interesting, still, than the excitement of the introductory prelude, proved the redemption of the pawns, accumulated through the lack of dexterity in capture of the spinning plate, and the observance of humorous penance, wherein constituted the fund of merriment in consequence upon imposition of penalties, invented through female ingenuity. One hapless male, for instance, would be condemned to expiate his want of agility by being ordered to "pout in a corner," whence he was only released by receiving a fervent kiss from each lady present. Again, some unfortunate fair one was condemned to "measure off so many yards of love ribbon," an operation which could only be competed by thorough assistance of a male companion, each yard measured being accompanied by an affectionate salutation with the lips upon the left and right cheeks of the blushing damsel. There were half a dozen other penalties adjudicated to the various pawn owners, all, however, hinging upon the inevitable caress bestowed in their instances from no licentious proclivity, but as a sprightly tribute due to the possessor of mirth, youth and beauty, who submitted to the receipt of homage, without a blush of immodest shame, and with no other feelings than those of deference to an old established custom.

With the Methodists, male and female, the cessurrence of the annual camp meeting at Sing Sing was an event, in those days, attended with more than ordinary enthusiasm and excitement. As the pilgrimage to Mecca was esteemed by the Mahometan as the holiest of religious duties, or a journey to Jerusalem as the incident of a Christian existence in bygone centuries, with kindred feelings of sanctimonious obligation did the Methodist of my younger days regard the tarrying of a week amid the trees and brushwood studding the broad acres at Sing Sing, consecrated to spasmodic devotions by the successors to the inspiration of John Wesley. Long before the blowing of the first horn, ushering in the dawn of the first day's preaching from the rustic rostrum in the midst of that umbrageous tabernacle, every Methodist family of clerical consequence had sounded the note of preparation for a joyful tramp to the modern Zion. Despite the warm rays of an August sun, a long procession of religious pilgrims, laden down with boiled hams, pickled tongues, and other necessary comestibles, with camp kettles, market baskets, bed clothing, bibles, prayer books and the lighter furniture indispensible for an extemporized household, wended its way to the fragile platform, crowning termination of Amos street dock, thence to be packed down, after the fashion of sardines, into a living mass of devotional zeal aboard a river steamer, chartered expressly to convey the faithful, with out fear of outside contamination, to that point on the Hudson honored with the temporary abode of the godly and the more permanent one of the godforsaken. Ordinarily the religious festivities, I was going to say, but humiliations is the more proper word, of the camp ground lasted a solitary week, during which our presumptively civilized fellow citizens, sustained by a wondrous outpouring of the spirit, sought to emulate the barbarism of a nomadic existence, and to assume the habits of wandering gipsies, the better to reverence the glory of the Lord. Imitating the involuntary example of the Jewish wanderers in the wilderness, our good and worthy religionists, leaving behind them the flesh pots, feather beds and sanitary appliances of a presumptive Egypt, pitched their tents upon the clerical reservation, and there, for a full week or so, endured the privations of a Bedouin fashion of living; prayer, exhortation and psalm singing being substituted upon the penitents' daily bill of fare, in place of camels' milk, lamb and other condiments, ameliorating the condition of the arab camp life; in fact, the spiritual food, being of a highly seasoned confection, must have been the sole stimulant, sustaining these unaccustomed nomads beneath the manifold inflictions imposed upon the sweet of their being born anew. Although succeeding the event of their camp meeting with enough leaving their city dwellings with the avowed determination of braving the horrors of evangelical Bohemianism for the entire duration of the camping jubilee, it must be candidly admitted that many among the experimentalists, not over eminent for their disciplinary piety, finding themselves suddenly debarred the accustomed luxuries of wash tubs, hot meals and other appliances of an ordinary household, generally discovered the experience of a couple of days among the woodlands amply adequate to cool off the ardor of an out of door prayer meeting, and unanimously stunk back to their city dwellings, regardless of the ironical exhortations of the more robust and acclimated of their class leaders, or of the inevitable derision of more faithful associates.

I well remember the gaping, jeering crowd of profane villagers, who were wont to assemble, masculines and feminines, along the wharves to greet the disembarkation of the pilgrims, when news came to us that the revivalists had definitely broke camp. A more sorrowful, or pitiable collection of haggard, bedraggled and unkempt miserables could not be imagined, than was presented to the eye when the occupants of the steamboat, homeward bound from Zion, straggled in disconsolate detachments from the landing places. Lank, leaned faced shepherds, with carpet bags and umbrellas, invariably led the van, followed by the younger members of the flock, whose disordered head dresses, crumpled bonnets, and be-stained garments disclosed the extent of their temporary sacrifice, while the rear was generally closed by a motley crowd of portly matrons, of speculative camp followers, and of impromptu porters, to whom had been committed guardianship of the indiscriminate baggage of the retreating army of saints, which, at a first glance, might have been taken for the product of a limited conflagration.

The favorite location for the immersion of those adhering to the faith of the Baptists, was, in my juvenile hours, a little cove or bend in the waters of the Hudson, a few rods to the north of the Old White Fort, as Fort Gansevoort was popularly designated. This fortification, the survivor by several years of contemporaneous defences of the city created during the revolutionary period, had been erected upon a block island some hundreds of feet from the main shore of the river, very near the present termination of Fourteenth street, and designated as "white" to distinguish it from the old Red fort, at that time standing at the foot of Hubert street. During the summer months the environs of the White Fort was a very popular afternoon resort, particularly as in its immediate vicinity was located a once famous suburban retreat known as Knapp's Spring Water Gardens, where wearied wanderers could not only indulge themselves in copious draughts of the aqueous element bubbling from a moss covered aperture in the grassy meadow, but likewise enjoy the delicacies of a bowl of fragrant tea, almost invariably accompanied with a mess of boiled shrimp and fresh gathered water cresses. The celebrity of Knapp's spring and its rural locality produced him a considerable revenue from the visits of townspeople, who, tempted by the refreshing shade of the trees lining the roadside, or by the pleasant aspect of the green fields intersected by the river road, indulged in a twilight and of tentimes a moonlight promenade along the banks of the Hudson, until the grim outline of the old fort, smiling majestically upon the unruffled bosom of the waters, warned meandering lovers that they had reached the bounds of a prudent locomotion. Moreover, the fame of this natural fountain had stimulated the speculative Knapp to furnish the more aristocratic residents of up town with a daily supply of its waters for culinary and other domestic purposes, dependentas they then were for the element, consumed as a beverage, upon the liberality of the municipality in the matter of town pumps, the number of which were scarcely abundant, and the waters drawn from them generally impregnated with saline ingredients.

In the lower part of the city, where the difficulties of obtaining a fair supply of fresh water, as well for the purposes of mestic use as for the wants of the shipping, had been keenly felt, an enterprise, undertaken by private capitalists, momentarily alleviated the general suffering, until the rapid increase of buildings, and particularly the increased altitude of the newer edifices, suggested some more reliable manner of securing an abundant supply of the watery element. To stimulate the Manhattan Company, instituted to supply the citizens of New York "with pure and wholesome water," the corporation was invested with banking privileges. The water works of the Manhattan Company were located upon Chambers street, opposite the Park, Centre street not being then cut through, the reservoir fronting the street line, and duly surmounted with a wooden effigy of some river god, since transferred to the cornice of the banking house in Wall street, upon cessation of the company's legitimate operations, or rather upon transferal of their labors to the municipality, in this way ingeniously conserving the privileges of a perpetual bank charter; for the latter title of the corporation, as still maintained, is not that of a banking association, but that of the Manhattan Company. From this Chambers street reservoir the "pure and wholesome water" was distributed in wooden tubes over the lower part of the city to serve all purposes, until the municipality was induced to erect public cisterns at a point between the Third and Fourth avenues, upon the site now occupied by the Medical College, mainly for a protection of property against fire, by means of street hydrants, an idea which shortly culminated into the colossal design of erecting the present aqueduct, which pours the limpid waters of the Croton upon the hearthside of even the humblest of housekeepers.

Knapp was more primitive in his engineering ideas as to the manner of supplying his patrons. The reservoir at the Spring Water Garden was a good sized brewer's vat, elevated some fifteen feet above the ground level, and mounted upon a little platform, likewise serving as a standing place for a stalwart individual of color, toiling incessantly at the handle of an elongated wooden pump, by means of which the waters of the spring were forced into the wooden receptacle at his side. Knapp's method of distribution was moreover as primitive as his stationary water works. A hogshead, placed upon a dray, drawn by a solitary horse, received an instalment of the coveted element from the elevated vat and conveyed it to the doors of the vender's patrons, who purchased it by the pailful, much in the same manner as the thrifty housewives of that day were wont to procure their daily supply of Rockaway sand, without whose presence, sparkling in the morning sunbeams, no kitchen was deemed to be in a satisfactory condition of cleanliness, or of embellishment. A dozen carts of this description were all sufficient for the wants of the spring water lovers of the uptown regions, yet Knapp grew in popularity and wordly prosperity, until some fortunate land holder chanced to strike water of a superior degree of purity at the foot of Greenwich Lane, whereupon a fickle public transferred their patronage to the more recent discovery, while the expanse of building erections, following in the wake of the handful of speculators, covering the region, then known as Chelsea, with brick and mortar edifices, not only obliterated the rural features of the Spring Garden, but actually overturned the walls of the old White Fort, to lay the foundation of building lots, penetrating beyond the water limits and duly protected by bulkheads, piers and other encroachments.

Generally, about the hour of noon, upon one or more Sundays in each of the summer months, the tranquil waters of the little cove above the fort grounds were employed for the purpose of baptism, and, as intelligence of the forthcoming ceremony had been bruited far and wide, there rarely failed to be present a goodly assemblage of pleasure seekers lining the river's bank and enjoying as well the invigorating zephyrs, wafted from the Jersey shore, as the excitement of an interesting religious ceremony. Upon days of baptism the pastor, charged with conduct of immersion, habitually dismissed his congregation an hour at least before the usual termination of his service, and oftentimes, when the chosen Salem was at a considerable distance from the meeting house, all preaching was suspended in order to give the entire body of communicants ample opportunity to wend their way, upon shank's mare, as no public vehicles in those days were to be found willing to desecrate the Sabbath, by easy locomotion to the designated point along the banks of our substituted Jordan. Consequently, curiosity hunters and loungers found little difficulty in gaining information as to the intended scene of baptismal operation, hence it frequently occurred that better audiences honored the performances of a preacher, mid-waist in water, than could be induced to listen to words coming from him high and dry in a pulpit.

The advent of those destined to be immersed, ordinarily a full baker's dozen in number, was the theme of general comment, as the multitude of outsiders pressed around the officiating clergyman and his attendant choir to ascertain whether the to-be-dipped were young, old, middle aged, handsome or ill favored. As the costume of the aqueous purgation was fabricated neither of the material or in the fashion of an ordinary walking garment, its wearers were usually conveyed to "Jordan's happy shores" in one of those gigantic omnibuses, ever at the service of pic-nic parties and of church excursionists, whence they emerged singly to undergo immersion by a deliberate backward fall into the minister's supporting arms until the waves covered the entire face, while the interested spectators on shore chaunted the praises of the spiritual water cure in a hymn, anything but enlivening in its general accentuation. As each celestial naiad emerged from the running stream, her white flannel drapery, unless dexterously managed, adhering to her dripping person, so as to display the contour of her form with alarming fidelity, she was reconducted to the body of the omnibus, there to watch and pray, until, when the vehicle was replete with drenched humanity, the sharp crack of the driver's whip announced that baptism for that Sunday at least, was done and over.

A Skating Story.

It was just twenty years ago yesterday, says Reid Gordon, that a party of us fellers went over to Bergen Creek, on a skating match. The day was colder than ten icebergs, all smooth as glass, and we made up our minds to have a heap of fun. Bill Berry was the leader of the crowd. He was a tall six-footer, full of pluck, and the best skater in all creation. Give Bill Berry a pair of skates and smooth sailing, and he would make the trip to Baffin's Bay and back again in twenty-four hours, only stopping long enough at Halifax to take a drink. Well, we got to the creek and fastened our skates on, and after taking a good horn from Joe Turner's flask, started off in good style, Bill Berry taking the lead. As I was tellin' ye, it was a dogged cold day, so we had to skate fast to keep the blood up. There was little air holes in the ice, and every now and then we would come pretty near going into them. My skates got loose, and I tried to tast 'em. Just as I had finished buckling the straps I saw something shooting along the ice like lightning. It was Bill Berry's head. He had been going it like greased electricity, and before he knew he was in one of them air holes. The force was so great as to cut his head against the sharp corners of the ice.

"It's all day with Bill Berry," said I.

"And all night, too," said Joe Turner.

Just as he had got these words out of his mouth, and I looked at Bill's head, which had been going it on the ice, all at once it dropped into another hole. We ran to it and heard Bill Berry say:—

"Quick, boys! quick! pull me out!"

I looked into the hole, and there, as I am a sinner, was Bill Berry's body, which had shooted along under the ice, and met the head at the hole in the ice. It was so shockingly cold, the head had frozen fast to the body, and we pulled Bill out as good as new. He felt a little numb at first, but after skating awhile he felt as well as the rest of us, and laughed over the joke. We went home about dusk, all satisfied with the day's sport.

About ten o'clock in the evening somebody knocked at the door and said I was wanted over at Bill Berry's. I put on my coat and I went over. There lay Bill's body in one place and his head in another. His wife said that after he had come home from skating he sat down by the fire to warm himself, and while attempting to blow his nose, he threw his head into the fire-place. The coroner was called that night, and the verdict of the jury was "That Bill Berry came to his death by skating too fast."

Fight between a Monkey and a Dog.

A master butcher returned on February 3d from Paris to Passy, taking with him in his carriage a terrier dog of more than common strength and ferocity. On the road he met a little Savoyard, leading a monkey. Perceiving the latter, the dog began to bark with all his might. The Savoyard picked up his monkey, and the butcher began to laugh, saying:—

"You're afraid for your beast; it isn't as strong as it is active."

"Not at all," answered the boy; "if my monkey were not chained he'd make short work with your dog."

"Nonsense," quoth the butcher.

"And if I had a Napoleon I'd bet on it."

"And then you'd lose your tin and your bread earner."

"Devil a sou."

Several people had collected around the scene, and one said:—

"You seem sure as to your monkey. Do you really believe he can whip the dog?"

"Certain sure," replied the boy proudly.

"Well, here are the twenty francs, and if the gentleman is willing you may rain them."

The butcher accepted, with the condition that the monkey, as the Savoyard insisted, might keep the stick with which he went through his exercises, which was nearly an inch in diameter.

The two adversaries were put face to face, and the terrier, at the first charge, sent the monkey rolling five or six paces in the dust. But the monkey, gnashing his teeth, rushed at the terrier, leaped on his back, and held on firmly, beating him meanwhile terribly with the stick. The terrier, bewildered and unable to do anything, seemed to be begging quarter; and his master withdrew him, admitting that the Savoyard had won. And the boy, who received two Napoleons—for the person who got up the fight paid as well as the butcher—hugged his monkey with joy, and lavished on him every flattering epithet.

STEP AFTER STEP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY ELSIE MAY.

Up the steep mountain of life do we go,
Step after step, one at a time;
Rudely the cold winds around us may blow,
'Neath our faint footsteps the bramble may grow,
Yet no faint-heartedness e'er must we show,
Retrograde movement we never must know,
As to the goal, upward we climb.

Slowly, but really, we move through the hours,
Step after step, one at a time;
Leaving behind us youth's opening flowers,
Never reposing in fancy's soft bowers,
Hope's tree casts o'er us its blossoms in showers,
Yet some strange spirit our weakness empowers,
Making us seem victors of time.

Long does the path o'er the mountain-side seem,
Step after step, one at a time.
'Twould be far better—our tired spirits deem—
Could we but fly on the wings of a dream
To the far summit, where golden lights gleam,
Where, glorified in Eternity's beam,
Tuned spirit-bells merrily chime.

Oft with this doom are our spirits distressed,
Step after step, one at a time.
Oft we forget 'tis "Our Father's" behest,
That we must toil for our infinite rest.
He is but trying our faith by a test,
When through life's cares to the realms of the blest,
Step after step, upward we climb.

ON "EASY PROFESSIONS."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY DIOGENES.

The ancient myths (on tap, in the records of an early historian), have handed down the story of the first man's unfortunate *penchant* for fruit, and his subsequent (consequent upon the indulgence of this appetite) expulsion from Eden. It became on that occasion patent to our first Adam that he must either sweat or starve. I suppose that the latter event would have been, in view of his weakness, the least expedient means of ending his existence; at any rate, without even tossing up for it with the current copper of the day, he chose the former. So he toiled, perspired, reaped the fruits of the field and set an example for posterity.

To do our ancestor credit, he took a delight in the pleasures of husbanding, and though he developed no patent applications of steam, caloric, or even water power, he was, nevertheless, the parent of some necessarily original ideas on the matter of seeds and husbandry. He was in fact the copy plate example of the first leaf in the great moral writing book of the school of humanity.

With time the generations multiplied, and Dame Nature, with prodigal hand, bestowed on every human thing a difference of disposition that involved a greater consumption of material than the attributes of industry could afford. So the lady, entirely radical in the freshness of her administration, worked with the weft of bodily existence a spiritual warp of murder, truth, adultery, faith, falsehood, gentleness and dishonesty. But time had well nigh exhausted their tints of mind painting, and a score of milder sins and graces were called to use by the master shuttle.

At the same time, and with some commendable justice, Madame, introduced between the flames of hell and the pleasant vales of Paradise, a middle station, a sort of shadowy half-way house, devoted (*vide* the maritime Koran) to poor fiddlers, blind men and the "wine sauce" element of humanity, who, while they sin not for the region of brimstone, make no great fight for the other place.

With this "wine sauce" element, there is a certain good natured individuality. They are gifted, like their fellow beings, with about the same amount of passion and common sense. Their lives are innocent of any great sin or good action, and perhaps their chief failing is an aversion to labor. In this we cannot blame them. The disposition to laziness is never acquired, but is born with the baby, and requires a corresponding amount of energy to counteract it. There is another class who go the Lord knows where when they have shuffled off this mortal coil. I would not judge the poorest creature that God has seen fit to make, but if I wanked my *opinion* as to their future stale I should reply that I do not think they have any. Now, there is no sight on this mundane sphere more repulsive than a seed blown man—a creature without aim or effort, a mere thing, an atom, entirely soulless, without thought or ambition. His only desire is to exist, and at the last he drops off, inert with well fed rottenness, uncared for or unmourned. The lazy misanthropy of the atheist is admirable compared to this type of humanity. He is just the example of the body bereft of soul, with a hearty instinct of hunger and the senses. There is no hope for him, no thought—hardly food for direct censure.

I don't know as there is any man on the face of the earth who is particularly fond of *hard* labor. Show me the man of money, who has no fear of the future, and I'll wager that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand his toil is comparatively small, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he either follows a "genteel," easy profession, or none at all. There is no sense of manhood or religious duty that keeps the laborer, the mechanic, or even the merchant down to their fighting weight, but it is the prospect of the needful that is to bring bread, beef, beer and clothing to loved ones at home, and I should look on any professional man as a phenomenon, indeed, who would not, in a view of duty, accept a more lucrative situation on the city corporation.

Of course a man should do something, be he ever so independent. He will, in the absence of professional pursuits, become debauched, misanthropic and unequal to the minor duties of life. So the carpenter takes a manly pleasure in a neat bit of work, a mechanic in his calling, exhibiting a study application that shows to a certainty that he must see through the clots of grease and steam a glistening diamond; and the hard working farmer, why he is the easiest, jolliest dog of all, proving that there must be a fascination in the pursuits of husbandry that reduces the labor to a mere pastime. So I assert that the vaunt of hard arms and brown fists is merely making a virtue of necessity, and that when labor becomes devoid of its pleasures it is a more suitable time for bosses.

Even with its attractions, labor is very often unpalatable to those of the most untiring energy and industry. Take a man, for instance, of activity, whose fingers are continually itching for occupation; he invariably drops his tools at the first opportunity, and shaking from his hands the smut of artisanism, ascends to his first heaven by becoming an overseer. If labor were such a tit-bit where would the brain work come from? Who would design and who direct?

Show me a mechanic who works for the love of work—who swelters through the July and August torridity of a machine shop for the mere affection he bears his avocation, and I will show a pasmoniess thing, a chip with no admiration for a fine horse or feminine, no desire for social amusement—a living denial of all proverbs save this one—*All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy*," which is the last for which I would willingly serve as an example. Still this is a doctrine which is not only advocated but enforced on hand-me-down brother Sybarites.

On this sweating theory, the geniuses that invented the type setter, the cylinder press, and discovered the utility of steam power, magnetism, caloric and their applications, were as great criminals as the world has ever seen.

As a matter of actual observation, the selection of labor is, in cases where the taste is not set on one particular calling, made with a view to the slightest quantity of labor. There, probably, the line may be drawn, and young men too often observe that the yard stick is sustained with perspiration, and I must say that if some of them could imbibe with their later day's mother milk a taste for farming it would be better for themselves, though detrimental to the texture of their hands.

In the question of "easy professions," or what our neighbors are apt to term such, it is the simple difference betwixt genius and commonplace merit, and never was there a greater misnomer. It is one of the popular fallacies that a theatrical performance entails no great amount of exertion. The tinsel and glisten can be seen, however, on one side of the house only, and the real life behind is full of vexations and heart struggles. Imagine a mother striving to amuse an audience with the frivolous gaiety of the *soubrette*, her mouth wreathed in smiles, and eyes dancing merrily, while her heart is throbbing as it breaks when she thinks of her child dying but a few yards away. The assumption of character is no easy task, and its repetition night after night soon makes it burdensome and tasteless. An actor's brow contains quite as many wrinkles as those of his traducers, and the monotony of his life is not so palatable as one might judge from an occasional indulgence in a well acted drama.

It is a matter of fact that diversion is a necessity to our existence and its administrators are as well entitled to respect and good will as those who attend to our more corporeal comforts. The very preacher will hardly tell you to abstain from the theatre, but with a tongue dripping with malicious poison he warns you from social contact with *actors*. This prejudice is unchristian and unnatural; it is, thank heaven, gradually dying away and there is in our bosoms a sprouting hope of a golden future. It is in the false gentility that smothers a harvest of genius, that throttles] poetry, histrionicism and art as soon as they are born. It is like the orthodox nose of the ruralist that ascends heavenward betwixt a greedy pair of optics, that are hungrily devouring the circus announcements. It is the same sin, the same crime, that caused England's laureate to exclaim:—

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth,
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth."

The same despicable bane of society, the brand that sends the snivelling fools, decked in their folly, to the shoe house every Sabbath to mouth the prayers set down for them and invoke the divine protection against the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world," while their glistening filth stamps the lie on every word they utter. This *brand* of society is no sentimental fiction—it is proven day in and day out. It was doubly proven in the death of Miss Menken, whose decease was a pang to more than one kind heart, and which was hailed with a perfect shriek of virtuous witticisms from the press of this country. Few deigned to give the poor woman even the compliments of "OBITUARY" over the notice of her death. They dished up a rehash of her so-called frailties that should have been covered with that robe that she never let fall from her shoulders; that robe which is a purer garment than "faith" or "hope," the spotless garb of charity.

Miss Menken's greatest "fault" was the exhibition of a lovely person, an exhibition that was sanctioned by the presence of many of the greatest men of our day. It is a failing that is indulged in by the beauties of our day to a greater extent, and indeed the fashions of the period are a simple reproach to our vaunted morality. If we are to be seen to-day on our public streets *ladies*, bearing themselves as such and claiming the full recognition of the title, bolstered in a certain part of their persons with cushions, exciting the grossest feelings, and yet evoking from our "gentility" not even a word or look of censure, the strongest remark I have heard being, "Jimmy, my lad, how do you like the new fashion?"

Theatrical people are as a class the kindest hearted portion of our community, and it is a matter of regret that prejudice should mark them so deeply. Speculation, genteel gambling, is accounted no blemish, and a bolstered up respectability, which is only skin deep, is sufficient to hold for its advocates their social standing.

To those who remark that theatricals are not a necessity, I would say this:—There is a certain mental fluid that is absorbed by the histrionic sponges; this fluid is one of the most dangerous elements of a person's character, and it must find vent. We are not all so meek in disposition that we sit still with folded hands, or drudge day in and day out, like machines, and desire for recreation is only the foundation of a worse passion, which will sometimes break forth.

I suppose it will be conceded that, as I have said, labor is not a luxury, but a requisite, and where God has given genius it must have a meaning and an application. Then who is qualified to designate what an easy profession is? We know, of course, where many would make the distinction, and these arbiters—heaven help and forgive them—would sometimes include an *actor* in the category. Theatrical people have fallen under the ban. We know not who may come next, but imagine it may be the ball tossers. Why, these lads sweat quite as hard as a cobbler or a blacksmith, and perhaps experience not an atom more of satisfaction. Yet the lads that prate of sky scrapers, daisy cutters, and that sort of thing, are hard workers, and receive proportionate remuneration.

Friend, thou whose office hours are short and sweet, though your face grows crimson to see a sluggard in his idleness, thou art a fool. Even when the glittering clinkers go clattering metaltic music as you run them through your fingers, you should temper your ecstasy with a dose of calm reflection. Do not, for heaven's sake, be so ready to abuse a person for a fault, of which you possess a portion, clad though it be in fine linen and purple.

So the man who would not turn a respectable accomplishment to some account, is either a prudish soul, or in want of self confidence, would still go on in every day drudgery working for a master under the whip, sowing literally for others to reap. No wonder poor George Arnold wrote in his easy spirit of poetry:—

"And here upon the grass I lie at ease,
While solemn voices from the past are calling,
Mingled with a lisping murmur thro' the trees,
And sounds of waters idly falling.
* * * * * * *
Well, 'tis gone; I care no longer now
For gold, fame, or empty praises;
Rather than wear a crown upon my brow,
I'd lie forever here amongst the daisies."

This was no utterance of a wicked, idle feeling. It was the simple expression of a heart at its relief from a spell sickening drudgery. Ah, my countrymen, the old slave spirit still lives, and here, in the midst of us, there is a whip that cuts more than cow hide. Where an "easy profession" offers relief, do the principle of freedom a favor by creeping into it.

VALKING DOWN BROADWAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY OOFTY GOOFT.

No. I.

Sharley, a long dime I bromised you dot I vill told you somedings boud dem mens dot we are meeding ven we go out, und I vant you do took particular nodice, dot anyding dot I told you, I vant you to keep dot by yourself, und dont sheot your mout off to efery berson about it—you know dot old saying, "A shtill man hess got such a vise head." Efery ding I am going to told you is on der quied—do you understhood?

Look! you see dot long sized gendleman dots ofer here by dot Madrobolitan Hotel? Dots his name, Seymour, und his front name dots Nelson—he is *longer* in der ministerell pisness as any *Von Nelse* in it, mit der accebtion of John Mulligan. Nelson is a tip top breformer, und of you oney cood hear him vonce blay "Efer of thou" on der bones you vood vant him to took someding mit you right away; he blays der bart of a secruider in "Genevief der Bourbon" shplainded. Nelson, how vas dot Baxder Hob?

You see dot shtoud gendleman mit such a shtading rink on der dop of his head? Vell, dots von of der Fran Sancisco barty. He is von of der boys, doo, und he does efferyding so kind of quied dot you voodn't know dot he vas Billy Birch of I didn't chust now told you so. Billy is a old timer, und I cuess so dot he is chust as good now as he vas ven he vas shumming for a *lifing near Cendral America*. He has a fine row of brown shtones houses in Madisons afenue—to get. Der oney reason dot he don't git tired from pisness is dot he does dot to keeb occubied his mind.

Here is der nicest man dot is on Broadway dot minute—he is chust as good as he is big. Sharley, I don'd believ' dot dere is any von in der sountry dot knows him dot dond like him. I dond believ' dot a mad dog he vood bite him; der reason dot his body is so big is on account of der largeness of his heard't. Somedime since he vend out vest, but now he is draveling east. Vat's his name? Vy dots Sam K. Spencer, Esq. Sammy, from whences did you come?

Can you see dot gentleman mit dot soft had und vishkers? Dot's Dafe Wambold, der singer. Sharley, of dere is anyding in der vorld dot I like bedder as I do anyding else, dot's shust do hear Wamby sing someding ven he is in condition to do him self shustice. My, my, he can sing, I baid you. Dalk of Brignoly und dem. Vy dem fellers didn't vas a marker for Dafe ven he is all rigd. Wamby, how about dot game of sefen oud? Did you vas low high yet?

Here is a feller—dot's a funny feller, Sharley—dot's a man dot can made you laugh surely—Joe Emmett, der singing dance man, or vat you call dot. Joe he comed ond here from de blace vere dem brairie shickens grows, and so one he didn't know him yet, but I tell you, Sharley, efery berson vo knows him now already. Joe is dot surely! Joseph, don'd you shtay forefer by dot Prooklyn. You musd come oier by dis side of der ferry. Don'd you forget dot or you vill find id oud. Hallo, Marinus. Sharley, dot's Marinus Willet Pike Cooke—he is bedder known as Jo Cooke, and he keeps dot Sunnyside Hodel on Long Island near dot Fashions drack. Jo is a goot feller, und alddough he has had a gread deal of drouble is chust as "shabby as der tay as long enough." He use to vas a clown, some years bast and gone, bud now he is giving lessons on der verlousypede. He is one of dir best enterdainers in der coundry, und he can sing more funny songs und told more funny nannygoads don any berson of his size on Long Island. Aint it? He is der feller dot bit 41's rope in dwo von nide ven dey vas goin do a fire. Joseph how about Fileadoly?

Chust cast your eyes for such a half a minute dis way, of you blease, Sharley, und you vill see dwo of der busiest peobles dot you can find any blace. Dot leedle von is Pray, der Broadway Theater feller, und Jack Topham, der treasurer of der Theater Comique; dey are going round in Broome shtreed for some lager, und den are going back to tend to pisness. Run along, fellers, und sold your dickets, und chust as soon as der show is ofer, Jack, you go right strade home. Dot's ride, Pet.

Of my eyes voodn't deceived me, here is anoder Wambold. Dot's Jim, der clown, mit Bailey's Circus. Jim use to vas a banjo feller, und I cuess he didn't forget how yet. He is a bood card in his line of pisness, und old man Bailey showed dot his head vas clear ven he engaged Jim for der coming season, as he is a big gun oud vest. Some dime I vil git him do vissle for you, Sharley, and I vill bald you a boddle of Heidsick dot you vill dink so do! you are ond in der voods und dem Killyloo birds vas hafin a concert. Jim, my son, of you go by Canada dis year don't forgot to draw your money in silver. "A vord do der vise is a sufficency."

Lingard of der Horse Marines—you vood'nt dink so, bud id is easy enuff. Yes, sir! dot's

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 49.—Vol. XVI.

Between Messrs. Conover and Greer.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Conover.	White. Greer.	Black. Conover.	White. Greer.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	10..10 to 15	19 to 10
2..15 " 22	25 " 18	11..6 " 15	32 28(b)
3..8 " 11	29 " 25	12..3 " 7	31 27
4..4 " 8	26 " 22	13..1 " 6	18 14(c)
5..11 " 16	30 " 26	14..9 " 18	23 14
6..8 " 11	27 " 24	15..15 " 19	27 23
7..10 " 15	24 " 19	16..6 " 9	23 18
8..15 " 24	28 " 19	17..11 " 15, and wins.	
9..7 " 10(a)	30 " 25		

(a) Stronger than 9 to 14. (b) 21 to 17 is the proper reply. (c) Good as "anything."

Solution of Position No. 98.—Vol. XVI.

BY W. B. HULLOY.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..14 to 18	11 to 4	4..21 to 25	30 to 21
2..5 " 9	13 " 6	5..10 " 14	19 10
3..19 " 23	26 " 19	6..14 " 17, and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 99.—Vol. XVI.

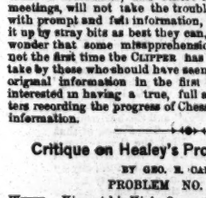
BY E.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..12 to 16	23 to 14	3..32 to 27	31 to 24
2..31 " 27	24 " 31	4..15 " 11, and wins.	

Position 100.—Vol. 16.

BY EDWARD.

BLACK.



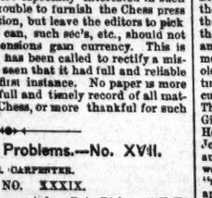
WHITE.

Black to move and w.n.

Position 101.—Vol. 16.

BY EDWARD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and "skunk"

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

THEO. M. BROWN.—The following is submitted for your consideration by Chas. Porter, *in re* the conditional problem:—

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Q to K 2 +	K to B 6	11..Kt to Q 6	K to his 2
2..K to K 4 +	K to B 7	12..R to K 7	K to B 3
3..Q-Kt 2 +	K-B 5 (l)	13..P-Kt 8 (Kt) +	K Kt 2
4..B-K 2 +	K-Q 4	14..P-B 8 (B) +	K-R sq
5..Q-her 4 +	K × Kt	15..3d Kt-K B 6	B × Kt + best
6..R-K 4 +	K-Q 4	16..K-home(A)	P-B best
7..P-K 8 (Q) +	K-B 4	17..2d Q-K B 4	K-Kt 2
8..2d Q-K 4 +	K-Kt 4	18..1st Q-K B 7 +	K-R sq
9..1st Q × R +	K-R 3	19..*Pion Coiffee* mates.	
10..2d Q-Kt 4 +	K-R 2		

(l) If Black 3..K to R 4, 4..Q to K 3 + K-Kt 4
5..P K 8 (Q) + K-B 5
6..3d Q-K 4 + K-Q 4
7..1st Q-B 5 + K × Kt
8..R-K 8 + K-B 5
9..Kt × P + K × Kt P
10..3d Q-Q 4 + K-B 5
11..P-B 8 (B) + + K-R sq

That Black's 10th move is the "best" may be shown by the following Var:—

	R to K 4
11..PtoB8(B) + +	K to R sq
12..Q-Kt 7 +	B × Q
13..B-K 7 +	B-K B sq
14..B-Q B 7	K-Kt 2
15..Q × R +	K to R 3
16..Q-Kt 5 +	K-Kt 2
17..P-R 6 +	K-R sq
18..*Pion Coiffe* mates.	(Q. E. D.)

CHAS. PORTER.—Thanks for your kind compliance with our request, which, we doubt not, your taste will approve. T. M. B. has performed the task you assigned him—*and more too*—as he now submits a proper exact stipulation in "Zatri," to be executed in *sixteen* moves.

JOSEPH KLATZEL, Lincoln Gulch, *via* Blackfoot City, M. T.—We have been thus minute in giving your address, as we are sure others beside the writer will hasten to express in a kindly word to you their genial remembrances of the good old days of the "Morphy Chess Rooms."

DR. REID.—The prospect of the suggested contribution is very welcome; the "dead matter" discussion isn't worth occupying our space with any further.

S. LLOYD, Brenkinger and all the old *habitues* of the "Morphy," Mr. Klatzel desires to be kindly remembered to you. See his address above.

INCOGNITUS QUIDAM, M. T.—Your letter gave us a very great surprise and pleasure. Can you not annotate and send us two or three of the games involved in the contest you mention?

We are glad at last, authentically informed that the first prize in the late Michigan State Tourney, an elegant gold medal, was won by Capt. O. E. Michaelis; the second by H. D. Smith, Esq. Well! if secretaries, and others especially interested in such meetings, will not take the trouble to furnish the Chess press with prompt and full information, but leave the editors to pick it up by stray bits as best they can, such sec's, etc., should not wonder that some misapprehensions gain currency. This is not the first time the CLIPPER has been called to rectify a mistake by those who should have seen that it had full and reliable original information in the first instance. No paper is more interested in having a true, full and timely record of all matters recording the progress of Chess, or more thankful for such information.

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. XVII.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

PROBLEM NO. XXXIX.

WHITE.—King at his Kt 4; Queen at her R 4; Bishop at K Kt sq; Knights at K B 4, and K B 6; Pawn at Q 3d.

BLACK.—King at his 4; Rook at K 2; Bishop at Q Kt 7; Knight at Q 7; Pawns at Q 3, and K B 2d.

Whitedo play and give mate in two moves.

Imperfect.—If Black 1..B or Kt moves, 2..Q or Kt mates.

Compare Nos. 98, 86, 149, 169 and others.

No. 68 runs thus:—

WHITE.—King at Q Kt sq; Queen at her R 3; Bishop at K B 4; Knights at Q B 5 and K B 6; Pawns at K B 2, and K R 3d.

BLACK.—King at his B 5; Rooks at Q 2, and K 3; Pawns at Q R 3, Q 6, K Kt 4, and K B 4th.

White mates in three moves.

We also add 149, as a favorable specimen of Mr. Healey's powers at what the musicians call *crescendo*:—

WHITE.—King at Q Kt sq; Queen at K R 3; Rook at Q R 5; Knights at Q R 6, and K B sq; Pawns at Q R 4, Q 2, and K B 3d.

BLACK.—King at Q B 5; Queen at her Kt 2; Rooks at Q 2, and K B 5; Pawns at Q Kt 6, Q B 3, Q 6, K 4, and K B 3d.

White mates in four moves.

PROBLEM NO. XL.

Imperfect.—If Black 1..P × Kt, it permits 2..R or Q mates.

With No. 41 is to be compared No. 20; with No. 42, No. 21, and 113; No. 43 is *imperfect*. If Black 1..Q × R, or anywhere, 2..R or Q mates. With No. 44, Nos. 32, 153, 179, etc., are to be compared. [Many of these positions have already been laid before our readers].

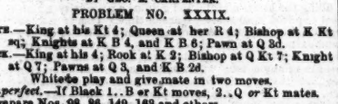
While many of the twenty-seven two-moves of this collection are neat and even elegant, there is shown in their composition a noticeable disregard for elaboration, a feature which is generally deemed of paramount importance to the beauty of problems in this number of moves. These gemlets of Chess are valued, in a great measure, in proportion to the number of *facets* of exquisite polish which they may be made to present. There are few composers that have attained such eminence as Healey who are so unsuccessful in interweaving in the perfect problem, be it in two, three or more moves, a succession of various but harmonious themes. With his eminent abilities as a composer of brilliant stratagems, there is not united in an equal degree that skill to elaborate and to analyze which would insure their superior elegance and more perfect finish.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Enigma No. 669.

From the Weekly Dispatch.

BY T. SMITH, ESQ.

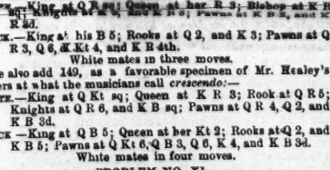


White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 669.

BY WM. H. LYONS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 669.

Favorable specimen of Mr. Bird's skill in the Challenge Cup Tourney.—*Glowworm.*

Q. B. P.'s GAME IN KT'S OPENING.

Attack. W. Hampton.	Defence. H. E. Bird.	Attack. W. Hampton.	Defence. H. E. Bird.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	19..B P × Kt (g)	Q × E P +
2..Kt K B 3	Q Kt-B 3	20..K-his B sq	Q × K Kt
3..P-Q B 3	P-Q 4	21..P × P	Q-K 8 +
4..K B-Kt 5	Q P × P	22..Q-K sq	Q × Q
5..K Kt × P	Q B-Q 2(a)	23..Q R × Q	K Kt × P
6..K Kt × Q B (b)	Q × K Kt	24..Q R-K 7	K Kt × R
7..Q-Kt 3	K B-Q 3	25..K B × Kt	K-Q 3
8..Castles	P-K B 4	26..K-Kt 3	P-K Kt 4
9..K Kt-Q sq	K B-Q 5	27..K-his B 3	P-K Kt 4
10..P-Q 4	P × Q en pass	28..K-his 3	K-his 4
11..K × P	K Kt-B 3	29..K B-his 3	Q Kt-Q sq
12..Q-K B 3	K B-K sq (c)	30..K-Q 3	P-Q B 3
13..Q-home	Q-K 3	31..P-Q R 4	Q R-K 3
14..Q-Kt 3 (d)	Q-K 4 (e)	32..K-Q B 4	P-Q R 4
15..K × B	Q × K	33..K B-K 3	P-Q B 5
16..K B-home	K Kt-his 5	34..P-K Kt 4	K-Q 3
17..K-Kt sq	K B-Q sq	35..B-his 3	Kt-Q B 4
18..P-K R 3	P-K R 4 (f)	36..K B-Q sq	P-K R 5, and

Mr. Bird, advancing the Pawns on his Queen's wing, wins.

(a) The move recommended here in Queen to her 4th.

(b) This looks plausible, but if to Q 4 was much better.

(c) Judiciously seizing the open file; this R causes his adversary no little embarrassment.

(d) The fatal consequences of this move seem to have been entirely overlooked by Mr. H. The proper move was P to K Kt 3d, between them he has a difficult game, owing to the pieces on the Q's side being confined.

(e) Mr. Bird immediately avails himself of the opportunity afforded. He must win the exchange, at least.

(f) An ingenious conception.

(g) There was no better move; for, it is evident, if 19..Q K 2, Defence still improves his game by Kt to Q R 7.

Sharp contest between Messrs. Wheelright and Maracho.—*Brevity and Brilliancy.*

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

Wheelright.	Maracho.	Wheelright.	Maracho.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Kt P × P	Kt P × P
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	14..Q Kt-B 4	Q-Kt 3 +
3..K B-B 4	Q-K R 5 +	15..K-his B sq	K B × P +
4..K-his B sq	P-K Kt 4	16..K-home(A)	P-K B 7 +
5..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-K 2	17..K-Q 2	Q × Q Kt +
6..P-Q 4	K B-K 2	18..K-Q 3	Q-K Kt 6 +
7..K Kt-B 3	Q-K R 4	19..Kt-K B 3	Q Kt-Q 2 (i)
8..P-K R 4	Castles	20..P-Q B 3	Kt-K
9..K-Kt sq	P-K Kt 5	21..K-Q B 2	Q Kt × Kt
10..K Kt-his 5	P-Q 4	22..R P × B (k)	K Kt × P +
11..K P × P	K Kt-B 4	23..K-Kt sq, and Mr. M. announced mate in 5 moves.	
12..Q Kt-K 7	P-K B 6		

(h) Q × B would have given the Attack a chance to save the game.—*City Item.*

(i) Fine play. This Kt splendidly becomes of great importance in the counter assault.

(k) Fatal! but it really is not of much consequence. The endgame is worthy attention, and the mate specially brilliant.

THE RING.

BOXING IN THE TERRITORIES

WESTWARD THE PRIZE RING STAR WENDS ITS WAY.

A milling match has been made between Benjamin Griffiths and Joseph Rogers, of Black Buttes, Wyoming Territory, which has excited considerable interest in prize ring affairs in that region. For the particulars of the contract we are indebted to a correspondent, who, writing over the nom *de plume* of "Highness," under the date of March 8th, says:—EDITOR CLIPPER:—Snowed in on the Pacific slope of the mountains is our situation at present. We have had no communications, except by the electric current, with the States, for a period of four weeks, but our anticipations are favorable to a speedy discontinuance of our troubles. Of course this state of affairs has played the deuce with provisions, which have advanced almost one hundred per cent. But we are plucky out here, and right in the face of these unpleasant surroundings a fistic match for $500 a side has been brought about, which we are pretty confident will be more of a mill than the recent playful combat between Allen and Gallagher. The contestants are Joe Rogers and Benjamin Griffith, the former England, the latter Welsh, and both by occupation coal miners. Rogers is twenty-eight years old, and before leaving merrie England bore the reputation of being a successful £5 and £10 fighter. Since his advent on American soil he has not had the fortune, or misfortune, to put up his arms in the ropes, but has great confidence in his ability to get away with his present opponent. He is in active training, with headquarters at this place. Griffith does not make his *debut* on this occasion, for if the readers of the CLIPPER about Pottsville, Pa., will remember, they had the good fortune of witnessing a slashing fight between him and Dick Dally in '63, when, after a severe struggle, Benjie carried off the honors as well as the purse, which the editor of the CLIPPER held in trust. The affair out here promises to be a good mill, and, as fair play is sure to be meted to the principals, your correspondent hopes to be able to forward you a correct report of the best fight ever known in any one of the territories. Before going into training Rogers weighed 170lbs. and Griffith 157lbs. The latter has his headquarters at Hall's coal mines, four miles distant from this station. The stakes, $1,000, are now in the hands of your correspondent, the final deposit of $300 a side having been put up yesterday. In addition to the stakes bets, amounting in the aggregate to $500, were made, and still the ball is rolling. The affair will attract a large crowd. Betting is about even, although Benjie's folk are inclined to give odds on him. The following are the

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT

entered into on the 21st day of Feb., 1869, witnesseth—That I, Benjamin Griffith, hereby agrees to fight Joseph Rogers a square stand up fight, catch weights, in a twenty-four (24) foot ring, according to the new and improved rules of the London Prize Ring. Said fight to be for $500 a side, and to take place Thursday, April 1st, half way between Jack Morrow's Ranche, Black Buttes, and the Coal diggins known as Hall's Mines. The cost of ropes and stakes to be borne equally by both parties, share and share alike. The first deposit of $100 a side to be put up at Morrow's Ranche, Black Buttes, Feb. 21st; the second deposit of $100 a side to be made at Hall's Coal Mines, Feb. 28th, and the final deposit of $300 a side to be put up at Morrow's Ranche, March 7th. All deposits to be made between 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. on the days specified. Either parties failing to be on hand on any of the several times mentioned to forfeit all money previously deposited. The men to be in the ring between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 12 M. It is mutually agreed that the decision of the referee, who shall be chosen on the day of the fight, shall be final, and the stakeholder shall deliver up the stakes according to his decision. Signed JOSEPH ROGERS, BENJAMIN GRIFFITH.

Everything is going along swimmingly, and the mill is sure to come off. Both parties are in the hands of trainers, who, perhaps, are unknown to fame, but who are working down their respective champions in most excellent style.

FISTIC JUBILEE AT THE APOLLO.—Wednesday evening, 24th ult., was the time fixed upon for a testimonial benefit to Tim Hussey, and the occasion drew together a "goodish" number of the supporters of the ring to the Apollo Rooms, 76 Prince street, though many of the old faces were absent from the throng. There was one face there, however, which is seldom, if ever missed at any exhibition of this character within a reasonable distance of Gotham, and that was the well known phisiog of Uncle Bill Tovee, who, as usual, had charge of matters, and, for the opening couple, introduced Patsey Lally and Tom Fox, a brace of precocious youngsters, who peppered away right merrily at each other's head-pieces for ten minutes or so, Patsey having the greater portion of the honors. Young Donnelly, *alias* the "Jack of Clubs," followed suit in a song and dance, which secured him applause and an *encore*, and then the Brothers Stenson, who are invariably on hand and understand their business mighty well for such young 'uns, stepped upon the boards and made an exceedingly pretty set-to, which won them earnest plaudits. They were succeeded by Mike McAuliffe and Tom McCoole (no relation to Fin), both rather fresh to the metropolitan stage, who, after boosting each other about more like old shoes than in artistic fashion, the 3e accustomed length of time, gave place to Denny Doran, who went through the difficult evolutions of the club exercise with grace and precision. The other sets-to during the evening were between Mike McGill and Pat Rooney, Andy Handy and Young Larkin, Matt Hogan and Monaghan, Billy McMullen and Young Omealia, John Murphy and Brown (Christian name supposed to be John), and the wind-up by Hussey and Pete Rooney; the best of these were the latter twain and McMullen and Omealia, both of which "meets" were very fine indeed, eliciting rounds upon rounds of applause from those in front. One great feature of the entertainment was the performance of several astonishing feats in strength by "Ned Turner, the Cast Iron Boy," bending a piece of iron by striking it upon his arm, having large stones broken upon his breast with a sledge hammer, etc. He exhibited vast muscular power, and his clever performance was deservedly applauded. J. Ryan and a Swede also rendered duringthe evening. Though the sparring, as a general thing, was not very good, yet, taken as a whole, the exhibition was a success, and put a few not unwelcome stamps in Tim's pocket.

SELL, counsel for Harry Jennings and Chas. Abernathy, and Rue, of robbery in Boston, filed a bill of exceptions in the Superior Criminal Court on the morning of the 23d ult., and made a motion for a new trial. The motion is on the ground that the verdict was against the weight of evidence and against law, and also on the ground of the discovery of new evidence. The latter, it is understood, tends to prove that Mrs. Penny left Boston on the afternoon before the robbery and was not seen again until she appeared in court; also, that Mr. Penny, the robber and informer, slept in his own house, on Portland street, the night of the robbery, and that he left the following morning and was not seen till the trial. It will be remembered that Mr. and Mrs. Penny both testified to sleeping in Jennings' house on the night of the robbery. The bill of exceptions is quite a lengthy document, in which the substance of the entire testimony is given, together with the judge's charge to the jury, and exceptions are taken to several points in the charge. The District Attorney has taken time to reply to the motion for a new trial, and the court has not yet decided to allow the exceptions.

FREE RING LEGISLATION IN MICHIGAN.—A bill for the suppression of the *code fatiquo* in Michigan, introduced by Mr Riopelle, of Detroit, has passed both houses of the State Legislature. By its provisions, any one who should knowingly participate in a prize fight, or any fight of that nature, is to be punished by a fine of not less than $2,000, or imprisonment from one to five years, or by fine and imprisonment. Those who are present at a prize fight, who give notice of one, who invite any one to be present, who shall agree to fight, or train any person for a fight, are to be punished by imprisonment in a county jail or the Detroit House of Correction, for a term not to exceed one year or by a fine not to exceed $500. The provisions of this bill are more severe than those of any similar act hitherto passed in other States.

THE CASE OF DAN NOBLE.—The trial of Dan Noble upon a charge of being concerned in the Royal Insurance bond robbery, was concluded in the Chemung County Court of Oyer and Terminer at Elmira, N. Y., on the 13th inst., but the jury, after remaining out all night, were unable to agree, and at nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th they were discharged. From the prominence of Noble as a sporting man the case excites great interest among the fraternity.

PATSY VAUGHAN, otherwise known as "Bill Benjamin's Novice," died of consumption at Chepstow, Eng., on March 10th, in the 25th year of his age. During his brief career he beat Swansea Dan, Davies, of Bristol, Andy Casey and others of less note. He was 5ft. 7in. in height, and scaled at 9st. 8lb.

CHARLEY COLLINS, the "Cast Iron Man," was unable to obtain a hall in Hartford, Ct., and has journeyed to Springfield, Mass., where he will give an exhibition at Montague's Hall on the evening of the 3d inst.

PETER MORRIS intends to return to the States shortly—at least he announced a farewell benefit in Birmingham, Eng., for the 22d ult.

PATSY SHEPPARD was in the city last week. He has a large class of scholars in the Elm City, and is doing right well there.

THE TRIGGER.

THE TRIGGER ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE.—There are few places in that region, says the *Los Angelos News*, that offer such inducements for field sports as Los Angelos county. Quail, snipe, larks, doves, hare and rabbit are to be found in great numbers upon the foot hills near the Coast Range of mountains, while every variety of wild duck, in unlimited numbers, are found in the many lakes and streams, within easy distance of the city; and at some seasons of the year wild geese, brant and swan cover the plains. It is no uncommon thing for a single huntsman to bag an hundred or more birds in a few hours shooting. A short time ago we noticed the formation in the county of San Bernardino of a shooting club, composed of twenty-four men, two of whom are appointed by the President to choose from the whole number twelve men upon each side, and arrange the details for a day's hunt, the losing sides to pay the expenses of a supper for the entire party and the invited guests. We have a large number of gentlemen in this city who are not only fond of hunting, but are very fine shots, and the organization of a club and pitting them in equal numbers against each other, would excite a rivalry far more interesting than matches of pigeon shooting from traps. We understand the matter has been agitated in shooting circles, and that before a great while we may see the organization of such a club in this city. We hope such will be the case, satisfied, as we are, that it would increase the interest and pleasure of those fond of such sports, and perhaps lead to other beneficial results.

A DOUBLE BARRELLED SHOT GUN AND RIFLE combined, has been made by a Yankee of Plainfield, Mass., of the ingenious gender. It has two barrels for shot and one for ball, which were bored from a solid bar of steel of 22lbs. weight, but which were worked down to weigh 9lbs. only. The shot barrels are above the rifle barrel, and therefore there is no obstruction to sighting the former, which carries balls one third of an ounce in weight.

A PIGEON SHOOT took place at Tremont, N. Y., on the 22d ult., between Joseph Harrison and Stephen King, for $50 a side, 21 yards rise, 30 yards boundary, 25 birds each. Harrison killed seven to King's four. After the above, John Miles and Michael Buedenbach, took a turn at the trigger for $40 a side, at seven birds each, in which the latter killed three birds to his opponent's one.

A BLOOD THIRSTY VILLAIN.—Godfrey Dorch has been attempting to kill Jacob Callenins, in Albany, for being too fond of Mrs. Dorch. "Instead of which" the fiendish Callenins reduced him to a pulp with the butt of his own pistol.

Holloway's Pills Create an Appetite and stimulate digestion, give new strength to the whole system, recruit the mental energies, and make the despairing invalid a hale and healthy man

PEDESTRIANISM.

VELOCIPEDE COMPETITION IN BOSTON.

The proprietors of Riddle's Gallery, Haymarket Square, Boston, offered a gold medal of the value of $25 for a trial of skill in fancy riding by experts in velocambipedestrianism on the evening of the 20th ult.

The contestants were three in number, viz.:—Orvin Tweed, N. A. Thompson, Jr., and Horace M. Sargent, and the trial was commenced about nine o'clock, when they were all allowed five minutes in which to open the contest. The floor was then given to Tweed, whose management of the machine was truly wonderful, his movements being made with such grace, ease and rapidity, that he was frequently applauded very loudly. Fifteen minutes being the time allotted to each rider in which to manœuvre, Tweed surrendered the floor to Thompson at the expiration of that period; and although many of that young man's movements were difficult and finely executed, his command of the bicycle did not equal that displayed by the first rider. Sargent took possession of the floor when Thompson had concluded, and he went through a series of manœuvrings resembling those of Thompson's, as well as others originating with himself. His feats were more numerous, perhaps, than those of his competitors, but he did not control the machine so dexterously as Tweed, nor did he execute the movements so well. Three judges—one for each contestant—had been selected, and these gentlemen made choice of a referee; and when a vote on awarding the prize was taken it appeared that each judge was in favor of a different competitor. The referee was therefore called upon to decide, and after a little delay, occasioned by his inability to satisfy his mind as to which of the competitors deserved the medal, he declared in favor of Sargent and awarded the honors accordingly.

Another race took place the same evening, at the riding school of E Fitch & Co., No. 94 Blackstone street—a fast race for a gold watch, the second to receive a silver cup. The distance was half a mile, or fourteen times round the hall. There were five entries, and the best time was made by a young man named M. Driscoll, who drove his machine the required fourteen times in 2:31¼. The cup was taken by A. P. Downes, his time being 2:33¾. After the race, a youngster named Corcoran, who had entered for the race, but broke down on his second turn, tried a half mile against time, which he accomplished in 2:22½. Another man made a quarter mile in sixty seconds.

On the evening of the 24th ult. there was another large attendance of ladies and gentlemen at Horticultural Hall, when purses of $10, $5 and $2 were offered for competition by experts residing at Chelsea. The first rider was a lad named Geo. F. Marsh, who circumrotated the hall twenty times—a distance of three fourths of a mile in 3:37, with two falls. Geo. W. Marsh, his paternal predecessor, accomplished the twenty circuits in 3:30, with one bad fall; Herbert Clark propelled the cycles more rapidly, and performed the task in 3:22, falling once; Charles Blanchard followed in 3:33, and W. R. Bagnall, Jr., who closed the contest, rattled over the floor in 3:27. Herbert Clark was therefore declared the champion velocipedestrian of Chelsea, and received the first prize; the second prize was awarded to Bagnall, and George W. Marsh received the third purse and bonors. Subsequent to the contest Dan. V. Kern afforded amusement to the spectators by an exhibition of fancy locomotion on the bicycle.

SNOW-SHOE RACES AT OTTAWA.

DISTANCE, 2 MILES; TIME, 13:37.

The Ottawa (Canada) Club Snow-Shoe Races, for which a number of crack Montreal snow-shoers entered, came off on Saturday afternoon, 20th ult. For the first race—2 miles; prize, a silver cup; value, $100—five entered, viz.:—Harper, Brand, Robinson, Hannum and Brown. Kavanagh backed out after entering. A good start was made, Brand leading, followed by Hannum and Harper. Hannum won the first quarter, in 1:13. In the next two rounds, Brown of Ottawa led, followed by Hannum and Harper. In the fifth round Hannum gave out, as also Robinson and Brand. The race was now between Harper and Brown, when the former won, doing the two miles in 13:37. Brown made a good second, being only twenty yards or so in rear. Second race was for soldiers—one mile, three prizes—seven entered; winner did distance in 8:27. Third race—quarter mile, in heats—prize, gold medal. S. C. Stevenson, Armstrong, Hannum, Kavanagh, Vosburg and Massey entered. Kavanagh led about three-quarters way, when Stevenson passed him and won first heat in 1:20; second heat lay between Stevenson and Vosburg, who led for a hundred yards, but allowed Stevenson to win in 1:37. Fourth race—hurdles, one hundred yards dash, in three heats; prize, silver medal. Armstrong, Massey, Kavanagh and Becket entered. Armstrong won first heat in 14¾ seconds, and third heat in 17 seconds. Fifth race was 100 yards dash, in three heats—prize, silver medal. Armstrong, Kavanagh, Becket, Massey, Robinson and Vosburgh ran. Armstrong won one in 13 seconds, and Vosburgh two in 14 seconds each, thus winning the race. The prizes were all carried off by Montrealers. The course was in capital order, and upwards of five thousand spectators were present.

USEFUL HINTS TO VELOCIPEDISTS.—By all means begin practising early in the morning, when the air is invigorating, and the physical man is not tormented with undigested food. Choose, if possible, a period when nobody is near to witness your frequent failures, and to hear your objurgatory remarks to yourself. Have confidence in yourself, but don't be rash, otherwise you are likely to lose your temper. Remember that it is no disgrace to be upset by a bicycle. Do not needlessly expend your strength. Skill, not force, is required. At first it will seem rash, almost chimerical, that one can trust oneself on the back of a mechanical horse and maintain one's equilibrium, supported on so narrow a base. But after a little practice it will be found that the nag never refuses its favors to any body. To keep the pole easily great speed is necessary. But to go fast or slow be the rider must first master the knack of balancing himself. How is this to be done? Expert velocipedists spring upon the machine, giving it a violent push, which starts it forward, and their feet afterward keep up the motion. These less practised keep to the old method of velocipeding, if their legs are sufficiently long. They start out by placing the feet upon the ground, and it is only when proper rapidity is attained and their seat is secured that they use the treadles.

VELOCIPEDE CHAMPIONSHIP OF PENNSYLVANIA.—There was a very large attendance at the Philadelphia Velocipede Institute, N. Twenty-first and Race streets, on the evening of March 23d, to witness the contest for the gold medal championship of Pennsylvania. The contestants entered the arena at eight o'clock. By the rules of the club under whose auspices the medal was prepared and presented, the winner is required to accept all challenges for six months, and if during that time he maintains his supremacy, the medal becomes his personal property. The following is a list of the competitors, together with the time made in passing twice around the mammoth rink arena, a distance of little more than a fourth of a mile:—

J. C. Hogel	57 sec.	W. H. F. Covert	54½ sec.
T. Yost	59½ sec.	T. Carbyn	53½ sec.
J. Lenhardt	57½ sec.	J. Vosterell	58½ sec.
J. Carbyn	57½ sec.	J. Vosterell	58½ sec.

gold medal was awarded to J. C. Hogel.

ADDITS AND ADDENDA ALL MATCHED.—On Tuesday, 23d ult., articles of agreement were entered into between Wm. H. Adcutts and Ralph Artingstall, *alias* "Chippy," to run one hundred and fifty yards, level, for $200 a side, at Sofolk Park, Philadelphia, on the 27th day of April. The start is to be by the first report of pistol, and the hours named are three and five o'clock P. M., play or pay. Ten dollars a side was staked in the hands of James Matley at the time of signing, which was to be increased to $50 a side on the 29th ult., and to $100 a side on the 5th inst., and the remaining deposit of $100 a side has to be forthcoming on the 26th inst.

A TROUPE OF VELOCIPEDESTRIENNES.—The Elnore Velocipede Troupe, consisting of six young ladies, viz:—Misses. Elnore, Lizzie and Elva Boerhm, Miss Estelle, Miss Marietta, and Little Lizzie, all of whom are graceful riders, besides being possessed of no small share of personal charms, made their *debut* at the Bowdoin Square Rink, Boston, Mass., on the 24th ult. Miss Elnore displays considerable agility by jumping up behind a rider when the velocipede is going at full speed, and riding around the hall balancing herself on one foot.

SHEFFIELD AFTER SCORCH JACK.—The well known trainer and hero of the half-hour feat, Jack Sheffield, writes us that he is ready to make a match with Scotch Jack, of Philadelphia, to pick up 21 yards rise, 30 yards boundary, 25 birds each. Harrison killed seven to King's four. After the above, John Miles and Michael Buedenbach, took a turn at the trigger for $40 a side, at seven birds each, in which the latter killed three birds to his opponent's one.

A BLOOD THIRSTY VILLAIN.—Godfrey Dorch has been attempting to kill Jacob Callenins, in Albany, for being too fond of Mrs. Dorch. "Instead of which" the fiendish Callenins reduced him to a pulp with the butt of his own pistol.

Holloway's Pills Create an Appetite and stimulate digestion, give new strength to the whole system, recruit the mental energies, and make the despairing invalid a hale and healthy man

BASE BALL.

SKETCHES OF NOTED PLAYERS.

We continue this week our sketches of the noted players in the leading clubs of the country. We gave last week notices of the prominent catchers. Next in order comes

THE PITCHER.

This position is the most important one in the whole nine, as the victory depends, in a great measure, upon him. The essentials of a pitcher are—heavy and free muscles on the shoulders and arms; for without these he will be unable to attain a complete command of the ball, which is the *great* essential of a pitcher. He must be always cool and fearless in facing swiftly batted balls. He must be a man of stable habits, for his work is the most arduous. He must possess "brains" and an "accurate" eye, for these will soon teach him how to pitch a ball "there" for the umpire, but not "there" for the batsmen. He should be a swift and accurate thrower to bases. If a man is on third base, he should invariably follow the ball immediately on delivery. When a foul is struck he should be on the qui vive for base chances. He should also be prompt in hastening to his position when a ball is stopped by an outsider, and should watch the bases closely, and avoid unnecessary throwing.

The pitcher who has had the best success during the last season is John Dickson McBride, of the Athletic Club, of Philadelphia. He is one of the swiftest and most reliable of pitchers. Dick is an "original" Athletic player, and first became regular pitcher for them in 1864, and has remained in that position ever since. Succeeding the famous Thomas J. Pratt, he has outrivaled even that player. One good trait of Dick is, he always works to win a game; no matter how great the odds are against him, he is the last man to give up. He watches the bases so closely as to make his opponents hug them for dear life. He is considered by many as the hardest man to bat in the whole fraternity; at all events his club has made gigantic strides for the supremacy during his administration. As a batsman he ranks among the very best, and during '66 he led the score of the whole fraternity. His illness during the early part of last season somewhat impaired his batting powers, but when a close game came Dick was not the last in the score.

Next to McBride comes Thomas J. Pratt, of the Atlantics, who is the best known pitcher among base ball players. He pitched in the Athletic Club during 1863, the year of the first contest between these great rivals, the score standing 21 to 13 in favor of the Atlantic. In the following year, '64, he pitched for the Atlantics, and the score with the Athletics (McBride pitching) was 43 to 16 in favor of the Atlantics. He pitched for them during '64, '65, and latter part of '66. During the early part of '66 he again joined the Athletics, and was placed on third base, being unable to retain his old position. He soon left and rejoined the Atlantic Club. During 1867 he played in the Quaker City Club of Philadelphia, a club formed especially to defeat the Athletics, in which they were unsuccessful. Early in 1868 he pitched again for the Atlantics, but later in the season played second base for the Tri-mountain of Boston. He has now rejoined the club in which he gained his great renown as the *first* pitcher in the country. As a pitcher he is without doubt the greatest after James Creighton. Give Tommy a catcher upon whom he can depend—one who is willing to do as Pratt wishes—and he will make his opponents use "headwork" in their batting. He uses his head fully as much as his arm. He is mainly celebrated for his skill in "headwork" at the batsman and the umpire at the same time. When Pearce caught for him, the finest play was shown that has ever been witnessed, both being as tricky as coons. He always studies his opponents, and although they may bat him on the first round, after that he sends the ball just where they "don't" want it. His common style is to pitch wildly at first, in order to give him his chance. As a batsman he ranks good, his total bases on hits being the best in the Atlantic Club. No doubt Tom will soon train Kelly to his liking.

George Zettlein, of the Atlantic Club, is another first class pitcher. George formerly pitched for the Eckford Club, a club, by the way, which has turned out more first class players than any in the country, except the old Enterprise Club. George is one of the swiftest and most accurate of pitchers. He has such complete command of the ball that he can deliver it just where he pleases. George is always endeavoring to pitch the ball just where a player wishes it, and from habit is unable to break himself of this. He lacks in head-work, however. Descending from Teutonic origin no doubt accounts for this. As a pitcher against first class clubs he is not up to the mark, and here the Atlantics have shown great wisdom in selecting "tricky" Tom Pratt for championship games, and "steady" George for other games. Zettlein has one peculiarity, and that is, calm, steady, even tempered. No matter how the game goes he is, he never frets, never loses it. "The Charmer," as he is familiarly called, always bats poorly in the beginning of the season, and good at the end.

Next comes Alphonse Martin, of the Eckford Club, the great medium paced pitcher. He is descended from old living stock, and also played in the Empire and Mutual Clubs before joining the Eckford. His style is peculiar, being neither slow or swift, but a "happy medium." He is a thorough out pitcher to hit, for the ball never comes in a straight line, but in a tantalizing curve. "Phony" ranks as a good batsman. He is also a very good fielder. In order to make his pitching effective, a fine fielding nine is requisite—those sure of flies, for most of all the balls batted are flies. With such fielders as the Atlantics and "Haymakers" possess, Martin would make an effective pitcher.

Charles D. Walker, of the Active Club, is another fine pitcher. He has always been the main stay of the Active Club. His style is a half pitch and half jerk. Many umpires are in doubt which it really is; indeed, Dan McSweeney, of the Mutual Club, was ruled out for a similar style, and Al. Davis, of the "Haymakers," suffered similarly for a style as fair as Walker's by Walker himself. He is very effective when well supported, being a hard pitcher to hit. As a batsman he was once good, but did not do much last season from want of practice.

Wolters, of the Mutual Club, is a swift, but by no means accurate pitcher. He formerly belonged to the Irvington Club. Last season he joined the Mutual Club, and did better than before, for his pitching showed a marked improvement at the latter part of the season. His great success lies in his wild delivery. He is a good batsman, having been accounted the best in the Irvington Club. His style is different from all others. Last year he studied the Atlantic's nine in a style not at all appreciated by them.

Harry Wright, of the Cincinnati Club, is well known to the eastern players. He formerly played in the Gotham Club. He is brother to George Wright, late of the Union, of Morrisania, and, like him, a well known cricketer. Harry pitches a slow, regular, but queer ball. He is a hard man to hit. As a fiel

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Gleanings, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed to ensure and every letter sent for.

George De Haven, Joseph Brandini (2), Morrissey Little (3), Little Mac (2), Prof. Nichols, Esther O'Reardon J. H. Brink (3), A. H. Harkins, Beatrice Hewitt, Carlonette, Consolvo Bishop (2), Alonzo Phepal, Charles Heywood (2), Henry Slate, Frank Dumont, Eugene F. Gorman, H. P. Brayton, Dick Hannan, Wm. H. Davis, F. Tannenbaum, H. Murphy, Dan Castillo, H. J. Sargent, R. Eddy, D. C. La Rue, Urlin & Co., Sheridan & Mack, John Holtum, R. H. Le Vere, Harry Mortimer, S. F. Chanuter, John E. Sweetser, Levi W. Harris, W. W. Forster, Reynolds Bros., John Joel, Bob Bradley, Michael Trojal, J. W. Carner, J. M. Mortimer, Harry Rollande, Kitty Magill, Annie Sefton, Virginia Howard, May Scott, Annetti Gialbetti, Albertine Smith, Ada Webb, Hunky Dory, Prof. Nickle, Dan Howard, V. O. Gerdillo, Arnold Jones, C. W. Robertson, J. H. Madigan, E. Hart, T. W. Davey, Mack & Johnson, J. T. Hind, J. W. J. W. Lanergan, Phuo Clark, Harry Gilbert, Alex. Zanfretta, Chas. Whitney, Chas. Meyatt, Edmond Coles, C. J. Meerys, Gus Peters, Mr. Varney, Harry St. Leon, John D. Irwin, Hank Mudge, E. T. Stetson, C. L. Banks, Harry Hale (3), Chas. McEvey, Lew Garland, Albert G. Enos, Samuel R. Stickney, Dan Merris, Cal Wagner, Chas. S. Wood (2), Pat Sullivan, Lafayette Johns, Chas. Parker, W. H. Power, C. H. Day, W. P. Spalding, Wm. Manning, Annie Llewellyn, Emilie Whitcher, May Fisk, Carrie Moore (4), May Arrington (2), Effie Warren, Fanny B. Price, Albertine Miller, J. K. Ixion, Frank Kent, Stone and Murray, Alf. Burnett, S. C. Keeler, T. Griffin, Frank Gerard, Chas. L. Whitney, George F. Learock, George C. Charles, Lew Williams, Fred Buckingham, Dick Parker, J. H. Whitteman, Fred Zimmerman, C. C. Chase, L. E. Hiele, A. W. Hayes, Frank Wilder, Gus Peters, S. Lamb Gossin, Wm. Sweatnam, Claude De Haven, George Nixon, C. W. Heclo, Frank Donaldson, Ira Holsten, E. C. Howe, Lew Benedict, Wm. M. Beers, Aurelius Kleisi, Tony Pastor, W. H. Brockway, Dick Parker, C. P. Gleason, Sig. Faranta, J. Biddies, Frank Barry, Lew Cavana, Dellie Pike, Molley Cook, Naomi Porter (2), Alice Raymond, Ada Raymond, Lizzie Willmore, Jennie Robinson, Ada Wray, Ella Sheldon,

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, March 29, '69.

Easter Monday! Joy and gladness reign in the habitations of men, and ham and eggs, all crisp and salty, greet our vision as we hungrily sympathize with the groaning table. Forty days and forty nights make up a long period when men are fasting, as we are supposed to have been doing since Lent set in, and we are not at all surprised at "Our Jim" exclaiming, in an amended version of Gen. Grant's favorite motto, "Let us have lam and peas!" The pious as well as the sinful seem equally delighted at the close of Lent, for observance of this season is by no means a voluntary act, but as it is one of the religious customs of the city to mortify the flesh, and all that, why the people undergo it just as they put up with a very tough bit of beef steak when they cannot see their way clear to anything better. During this alleged suspension of worldly frivolities, cessation of evil doings, and chastening of the sinful flesh by abstaining from meats, and substituting oysters, fish and other luxuries therefor, we have set an example which other communities, less pious than ourselves, would do well to follow, as they seek to imitate us in all our temporal tendencies. *Sic tempor O! moire antique*.....And now, overjoyed at the opening of a season more in accordance with the lively disposition of our natures, our theatrical managers, and all others who cater for our amusement, expect to reap a golden harvest of the flimsies; and to attain this end, all hands are putting their shoulders to the wheel, and offering such inducements for patronage as cannot fail to bring out those who have so long, perhaps, abstained from carnal delights. The blondes and brunettes, and others of our theatrical divinities, will strip themselves of all reserve, and so forth, in order to please the sight of our gushing youths, and gratify the other senses of the other fellers. We all like jams, but *jolly jambes* we adore; aware of this admiration on our part for all that is beautiful in nature, our very obedient managers do all in their power to provide such food as our appetites crave; so the *grima diamsuse assoluta*, and the burlesquers, and the *coryphees*, will undress themselves as far as any known fashion law will permit, and go through those many lascivious familiarities without which our places of amusement would be shorn of their chief attraction, as well as their principal support. So, as "Our Jim" remarked the other night, when a myrmaiden of the law was after him, "Legs, do your duty." Jimmy, grind out a few verses appropriate to the day:—

ODE TO EASTER MONDAY.

I.

There's not in this wide world a place half so sweet
As the show shops where legs your fond vision does greet,
And when one of them beauties looks into your eye,
You like exclaiming, "O rocks hog or die."
Easter Monday's a time liked by every creed,
Especially by those who've been off of their feed;
Because, like the dog what returns to his vomit,
They'd sooner be near it than be away from it.

II.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Accordin' to tradition, on which we place belief,
But we can pardon Taffy, whose hunger made him groan,
And likewise on an Easter made him steal a marrow bone;
This was the height of his offence, it had this extent, no more,
Yet 'gainst this paltry little act, the people loud did roar,
And history says the police caught the guilty man in bed,
And held him / while the owner of the bone smashed Taffy's head!

III.

Supposing this tradition to be founded all on fact,
Where, we ask, is precedent for this inhuman act?
Had Taffy stole a million bonds, instead of one poor bone,
Not then would he have heave been made thus cruelly to atone;
The fact that he a Welchman was, but added to his crime,
Though 'twould been otherwise had he but lived in *our* time!
We grant the rights of man to all, alien or native born,
And belligerent rights to Cuba, too, will soon that rule adorn;

IV.

But Taffy, living in an age when money ruled in chief,
Had gained a reputation as a Welchman *and a thief*—
And for the mere purloining of a bone devoid of meat,
This poor and friendless Welchman was by divers parties beat;
Was that the Age of Reason so prated of by Paine?
If so, may such a callous age ne'er visit us again.
In fact, the Taffy story is almost beyond belief—
For a hungry man who takes a bone cannot be *called a thief*.
'Tis but another *scaly yarn handed down from ancient lore*,
And the entire *batch of lies is like that to but an empty bore*.

V.

Again, "There was a man in our town," pronounced most wondrous wise—
Of this there seems to be a doubt, as you will quick surmise;
For no man with a grain of sense, would dare to scratch his eyes out,
And again, this man's authority, the plain truth now cries out.
'Tis further said, of this same man, and history doth affirm,
That when he found what he had done, he soon began to squirm;
And *seeing*—here great doubts arise—the enormity of his sin,
This ex-ira-or-di-nary man did *scratch them to-ngin!*

VI.

We bear this man no malice, no; we've charity for all men,
But we should like to see him try the fearful feat again.
It may be said this man with us don't advertise, forsooth,
But this is a most silly way for vadin of the truth—
The very story on its face bears impress of a *lie!*
For her could this inposter see if he had any eye?
And this is still another yarn handed down from re-mote ages,
Yet we dare not correct these lies—we're *younger* than old sages—
So our good parents tell us when we point to what's untrue,
They merely say, "those authors, child, are older far than you."

"Jimmy, put on the brakes, she seems to have got off the track a trifle." "Maybe she hain't had no egg nogg to-day, and you can't expect anything to do nothing without no egg nogg on Easter Monday, you know!" Thus remarked "Our Jim," if the machine works better when the cover'ons shall again be called into requisition, the credit can be given to the wise discovery of James.....Talking about comical things, did we ever tell you about a story told by Tommy Looteer? If you've heard it before, friends, keep shady, and let the ignorant ones enjoy it. Tommy was one of those beings who would be desperately funny if they knew how, but who, having a distorted idea of humor, are continually boring their friends with a poor story or conundrum. One Easter Monday, when all hands had a full of egg nogg, a friend of Tommy's propounded the following:—"Tommy, why are dead letters like nuns?" "Because they aint sufficiently stamped," said Tommy, with an effort. "No, you wretch, but because they are denied the males." Tommy didn't see it at once, but in about an hour it came through his thick brain, and he laughed for the rest of the day. That evening, being in the midst of a merry party, Tommy thought that he would relieve himself of his new treasure. "Boys," said he, raising his hand for silence, "why are nuns like dead letters?" One suggested one reason, another something else, but none hit it. "Because," said Tom, with a beaming face, "the males can't come to see them." There wasn't even the ghost of a smile, and Tom looked foolish and uncomfortable. "Boys," said he "it don't seem to jingle, but any way it was as funny as hell when I first heard it, and I near died a laffin." Tom got out of it, however, by standing for half a dozen of wine, and he never gives out a conundrum now without he is letter pertect in it.....They say that Fisk has secured a house of the Academy of Music. Well, fis about as good a place for a man to lose money in as any other. The only way for him to succeed, however, is to do as they do own in Wall street sometimes, *bare his stock?* The *shorter* he makes his contracts and *ballet* dresses the better it is for himself.....And talking about this harem-plates the producing of *Fantasca Zampini*, or the "Ten Beautiful Virgins." The item of novelty we can see in the way is that of getting together only *thirty* large number of beautiful virgins!.....We came across such a thing the other day, while reading an article in the *Evening Post* about ex-President Johnson. The article wound up in this way:—"This reminds us of the well-known remark of Watts:—'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.'" The Chicago man omitted to state, however, that the quotation was from *Watts'* well known hymn, the last verse of which runs as follows:—"Dear Lear." But Watts in a name, after all.....Jimmy, do think she stand another verse of two now?" "I can do her a turn, and see." "Well, start her."

ON A LARK;

OR, TOM AND JERRY REDIVIVUS

Says Joe to Jim, I'm growing slim,
The cause I can't surmise;
Says Jim to Joe, I'm drooping, too—
It's want of exercise;
And, lest the dry-rot might set in,
To dim our manly pride,
Suppose this night we take a turn
All on the Eastern side.

'Mid lively throngs they pushed their way
The crowded walks along,
And here and there stopped in to try
A drop of something strong.
Then climbed the Bowery's granite steps,
Where all Eastsiders go
To see the play, from "Seven Dwarfs"
Way down to "Porgie Joe."

And if you want to have a laugh,
Or learn how heroes die,
Or see how clowns do perpetrate
Mistakes upon the sly,
While boxes, pit and gallery,
Unite to swell the din,
'Tis there you'll get your money's worth,
Nor yet get taken in.

A moment later sees them both,
Aloft among the "gods,"
Where ballet Jack with Black-eyed Sue
Sit happy as two lords,
While pea-nuts crackle all around,
And plaudits greet each gag,
And Butcher Jake in thunder tones
Calls out to "shut the rag!"

But now the gaudy curtain falls
Upon the play awhile,
And all the audience en masse
Retire to take a smile;
So while the loud orchestra's strains
The stifling echoes wake,
To Tony Pastor's Opera House,
The friends their steps betake.

What's here? Why, sure the Muses nine
Hold here their minstic court.
And all their witching arts combine
To furnish mortals sport,
With dance and song, and feats that vie
With old Olympian Games,
And farce, burlesques and plays perform'd
By stars with famous names.

Upon the sidewalk once again,
That seethes with busy life,
"Let's seek the nearest bar," says Jim,
"D'ye hear the oyster knife?"
Such hungry crowds were ne'er at once
Together else where seen;
No wonder beer's in such demand—
Dry throats abound, I ween.

Near by a classic shrine uprears
Its portals fair to view
Where Schiller's a words immortal blend
With those of Kotzebue,
And every where you hear the strains
Of music loud and clear,
Mixed up with that familiar call—
"Ewel glass of lager bier!"

"Volksgartens" tempt us by the score,
And concert halls a few,
Where one may sit, imbibe and smoke,
And hear prime singing, too;
And alleys where incessant roll
The tenpin balls amain,
And cries are heard—"Ten strike—all down—
Ha-by! see 'em up again!"

A moment in the ball room spent,
Where dancers frisk and bound,
And gnosis take wine and polk by turns
Until their heads go round;
And next to where in jovial mood
A free and easy meets,
Where one must stand a song or speech,
Or else, in course, he treats.

By this time all the public haunts
Are dark and silent grown,
And only now and then a "beak"
Patrols the streets alone.
But to both Jim and Joe the air
With crowds seems still to swarm,
Intent on giving fight—"Egad,"
Says Joe, "their camp we'll storm!"

They form in line, as well, that is,
As men non compos can—
And make at once an onslaught fierce,
On the old Canal street plan;
Then oyster signs are rent in twain,
And window glasses smash,
When from yon lane a whole platoon
Of brisk policemen dash.

Without no more ado they seise
Upon the noisy crew,
Who, to their wonder, by this time
Had been reduced to two.
And, waking, captives, paid the fine
In such extremes applied,
Resolving never more to roam
All on the eastern side.

.....And now, having gone as far as we dare go in the poetic line in this, the closing number of the sixteenth volume of the CLIPPER, we turn our thoughts upward to the "Man in the Flies," who craves an audience with our readers on a legitimate subject, that of his favorite author, William Shakespeare, Esq. As his comments teem with logic and wise saws, and as they let us into many secrets concerning the writings of the divine bard, we give our usual space to the latest from

THE MAN IN THE FLIES.

MISTER EDDITER CLIPPER.—Sir—This bein a period of unusshal activity amongst the dramatick constellations, the instructions of Shakesy to the play actin fritternity comes in most appropess just ere. None of us is abov learning suthin, and if a feller wants to make his mark onto the stage, all e as to do his to studdy up Amlet's advice to the players, and likewise the enterlude in the "Midsummer Knight's Dreme," *mostly being* the "Pyrrimush" and "Frisbie," and e's bound to fetch it, sure! e can't go wrong—anybow e's been fit. "Shute the acshon to the word and the word to the acshon,"—them's the prescripshon, and if I mite say, the corner stone onto which all dramatick prosperity is basted—the keystone o' the harch, the Halfy and Homegar, to quote the classicks. I ave card a wisper that the "Drame" is to be did next in order by one of our up-town manageries, and may appropriatly enter onto its consideradshon ere—speshly has it seems to ave a sort o' happlicashon to the times. The dramatis personys in this piece is part mortual and part mythologous. Of cours there is two lovyers, and a man can't love themselves with any satisfacshon, there is also two loveresses. If I may quoin a word, being Hermy and Heleeny. Unfortunately, boath the young gallants goes wild arter Hermy, oom confines er fxions to Li Sanders, whilst Heleeny kittens up to one D. Meterus. Tnen there is a regiar hamazon, Heapolitter they calls er, oo is betrought to E. G. Uss, oom is the Dook of Athens, and a specimin brick besides. The karikter of Beleeny is a spicy bit o' compoeshin; she would just it the fancy of the Sorcolaness, oo cud sist quite as well as she cud be to propose, and so does Leeny, oo sticks hup quite manful for the ajax. No wonder D. M. had such a tall disgust onto im! Oo wouldn't with a loony feminine chasin a feller round in that kind o' fashion? Nacheral ennuff, Hermy as a father, a cruiel parien', oo wants er to itch hosses with D. M. aforsaid, but she sets out syruptitiously to call on Sanders's haunt, where, the ole Dowidger bein willin, e agrees to marry er—meaning Hermy, of cours, and not the Haunt. Someow they all gets mixt up together in a wood, where they goes prowlin about arter each other in rather a miscellanus sort o way, and then they falls in one O'Beron, oo take to be a jovial Nurishman by is name, and oo took over the forist with his queedn, Titauny. Menewhilst, a performants, with other entertainments, for perticklars see small Bills, is to come off at court, and, as ushal in such cases, the amatoors betake themselves to the nerest woods to reherse their parts, to grace the Dook and Dookess's wedding day. This potion of the drammy as speshal interess for dramatises and managers. It's ard, but arter the horther as got is play reddy, hit as to be all tore to pieces to shuit everybody's whimsies. It seems that Pyrimush must kill itself with is sword, wich is stoutly object to by the player, oom is a weevil named Nick Bottom. His differens is met by a Prology, witch Bottom must deliver, explainin of the dewice, for fear the ojience mite git fritened. The cast is no great shakes, though Shakes rote it, being made up of Snug the Joiner, Quince, Floot, Bottom and others, with the eroine, oo is named Frisby, but wat er first name is the orther does'nt say. O'Berin (or O'Bryan), gits jelius of Titanny, and plays tricks onto Bottom, oom e accommodates with a hasses ead and causes Titanny to fall in love with im. Many a hass in these days as ad a hed put onto im for aspirin above is soshal spear. There is a mischievious limp called Pluck, oo seems to a had a fore knowledidge o the lectric telegram, for e talks about putting a griddle along the earth in 40 minnits (but e doan say anny-thing about the pan cakes). Ower, Titanny, it seems, is of a musical turn, and so the fairies sings to er, to charm awa the snaiks and toads and sich:—

"Fill a merry melody,
Sing a pretty lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lively lady nigh.
So good nite with your lullaby,
Lulla, lulla," &c., &c., &c.

There is a powerful lot o' fun just ere, for the gentleman with the Ibernian name is in a merry mood, and sets Pluck to playin off tricks with heverybody, whereby great confushun inshoes and the *lovyers gets all at cross purposes*—the winnum *speshally sayin a sharp spell to Hermy, which e repeats to Heleeny, which* that young lady *misconstrues* in regard to Sanders, oo, with Dook Theseon enterferes, and things, in a *kind* of improvin, gets more mixeder. Then Mr. Sanders, he ups and gits Mr. D. M. the lie direct, and Sandess he ups and sez, "Your another," and Mr. Pluck he ups and bamboozels them both, and they all three sings a jovial chorus:—

"Jack and Jill
Went hup the ill,
To get a pail o water,
Jack fell down
An broak is crown,
And Jill come tumblein arter."

Then ands all round for a hornpike, and slow curtiag. And hear I wood segest to Mister Fox that Jack and Jill is a fust rate subjec' to follow up Unup Hanmy with, always pervided that that are time honored production has never dock cease to a hend, which I somshow incline to regard as dooberous, for tother day I seen the man that bowt the fust ticket for its fust performans, and e is gittin gray aired, and e says e kep a random book of it ter one ole year, and when the oldays was hover e threw it away has bein too much fer im, and o no use nohow, and seein it has kilt off two managers at least, besides avin used up severil dansusoses and three or four fust class wocalistses, and one incomprehensibl srieker, besides half a dozen corps de ballits, and driv the snoopaper crickets wild fer somethin new to talk about, I reely do think that a speshial act o legislater ought to be inacted to put a stop to it. Besides, is tryin to the feelins o the ballit. Why, ony the tother nite there was Miss Slimpins was standing in a graceful hattitude, wavin of a wand and lookin charmin as one of the fairys o the goldang shower, when the projectin pint of a tropical plant cotched the fluff of is book, mualling dress and histed it till it rix in graceful undulashuns about ten feet or so, when, not thinkin iself intitled to exibitt er as the classikle statties, the prompter rusht on amidst vociferis applause and—["There—cork up!"—OUR JEM.] YOURN.

W. K. BASSFORD, the pianist, and M. Pomanski, are to conduct a *soiree musicale* at Steck's Hall, in 8th street, on the 8th inst., assisted by Mr. Dreuler, and Mlle. Hofi, late soprano *prime donna* at the Munich and Cassel Opera Houses. As we understand that this will be her formal *debut* in this city, and her repute as a cantatrice stands high, that "music hath charms" will, no doubt, be fully demonstrated on that evening.

HAVE you heard Levy, yet? He's the cornet player, recently arrived here from Europe. We have heard nearly all the good players in our time, but we think Levy outblows them all. At one time you might think he'd crack his cornet, but he tapers off so nicely that all fear on that head is dispelled. His "tonguеing" and quivering fairly electrify his auditors. He's a good 'un, and no mistake. Among those who have heard Herr Koenig, Professor Norton, and others, hear Levy once.

MR. FISK, the coming man, is said to have leased the Academy of Music for the purpose of producing the opera of "Lurline" early in the fall, with the new Parepa-Rosa English Opera Troupe in the cast.

BRYANTS' "NIGHT SCHOOL" is a very laughable little act produced the past week by Bryants' Minstrels. Seymour is the teacher, Unworth the dunce, Bryant, Hughes, and the pretty Miss Gray produce their new burlesque, written expressly for them by John Brougham, under the title of "Orpheus," but which title has been changed to "Red Hot." It has been in preparation for some time, and will be presented with new scenery, costumes, etc. The programme is unusually rich for the current week.

THE "ELISE HOLT BURLESQUE TROUPE," at the Waverley, is in the same condition Hamlet is in when Horatio tells us, for ill is Elise Holt, the lady not having been able to play for several weeks past. The gentleman who took the part of Henry Higgins, in "Roots at the Swan," on Saturday night last, should remember that it is not safe to keep one's hat on in the presence of ladies, especially in the house of one's future wife. Its a small matter, perhaps, but small matters go a great ways sometimes.

"AT THE OLYMPIC, they have produced a pantomimic spectacle with the strange yet familiar title of 'Humpty Dumpty.' It is presented in good style and is well acted, two performers named Fox appearing as Clown and Pantaloon, and they do remarkably well in their respective *roles*. From what we have seen of the play we think it is destined to have a run." This is the report made by "Our Jim," whom we sent to the Olympic on Saturday night, but who, instead of carrying out our instructions, never went near the theatre, but got in with a party of fustilers, and, to make things look all right, cut out a paragraph about the pantomime which appeared in a paper *nearly eighteen months ago*. We should think it was destined to have a run, since it is drawing large audiences at the present time.

THE LAST spasm of Italian opera at the Academy of Music spent itself on the 27th. Whether MAX comes out of the "wrastle" with a margin is a mooted question; and even should this question be settled it will be difficult to ascertain whether the margin is on the winning or losing card. We never knew a man to stand reverses like Max. "Happy be thy dreams," MAX.

"COSMOPOLITAN HALL" is the title of a new concert hall recently opened on Third avenue, near Sixteenth street. Concerts are given every evening on the German plan, a well selected orchestra and several female singers furnishing the instrumental and vocal music. Of the singers, one lady, named on the programme Miss Eloise Clyde, is worthy of commendation. She commenced singing at this hall on Sunday evening, March 21st, on which occasion, and at each appearance since, she has met with a most enthusiastic reception. She has a commanding presence, possesses a clear voice, of good compass, evidently well cultivated, and her songs are given with good taste and judgment. The hall, although clean and orderly, and attended by a respectable class of patrons, is scarcely the proper place for a lady possessing her vocal abilities, for the surroundings, in the way of lager beer drinking, and smoking, seriously detract from the merit to which she is justly entitled. Miss Clyde should seek some more suitable place in which to sing. Whoever told the other ladies that they could sing, and induced them to come before the public, have committed a grievous wrong, not only upon Mlle. Mignionette and Md. Schultz—as they are named on the programme—but upon those who may be induced to visit the "Cosmopolitan." They seem to have no more idea of music than an uneducated sacred bull has. With proper attention, and the selection of good attractions, we see no reason why the proprietor of this new east side hall should not meet with success.

THE BARNUM AND VAN AMBURGH MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE COMPANY suit against the Commonwealth Insurance Company, was concluded on March 25th. The plaintiff sued upon an insurance of an aggregate of $130,000 in various companies, for an alleged loss of $288,000 by the burning of the museum. The claim was contested on the ground of fraudulent overvaluation of the various curiosities on exhibition. Judge Fithian charged the jury that fraud, under the terms of the policy, must be a knowing and wilful overestimate of the property with intent to defraud the defendants; and, therefore, there was no fraud unless the gross value of the property should be found to be less than the whole amount of insurance thereon. The jury, after being absent five minutes, returned a verdict for plaintiff for the full amount claimed.

JAMES H. TAYLOR opened an engagement at Tony Pastor's Opera House on March 22d, when he appeared as Yorkshire Sam, Dismal Dol ful, Simple Simon, and in the Humors of a London Court. He was greeted by one of the largest audiences seen in the Opera House for a long time, and his reception was very enthusiastic, each character being *encored*. He was called out five times, and finished amid great applause. He is, probably, the most finished comic vocalist that has ever visited this country, for he not only knows how to sing, but convulses his audience with laughter at the same time. His facial acting is wonderful; such a change as takes place in the color of his cheeks, in one of his impersonations, proving not only a great command over his features, but a pumiler in our old professionals. At one moment he is quite flushed in the face, and in an instant his cheeks become as pale as a sheet. This is not accomplished by any artificial means, such as powdering the face, but is done by, well, we cannot tell how. To appreciate him, it is necessary to sit as close to the stage as possible, and watch the sudden transitions of his countenance. His changes are made with great rapidity, and everything he does is executed in such a quiet, artistic manner, that he at once ingratiates himself into the good graces of his audience. This week he appears in a number of Irish songs for the first time in this city. John F. Poole has written a burlesque on "Romeo and Juliet," which was produced the past week. It is one of Mr. Poole's best, and will, no doubt, be sought after as much as has been his burlesque of "Ixion." Tony Pastor makes a fat Romeo, and does very well with the *role*. Riggs is huge as Juliet, his make-up after the style of a blonde being excellent, and his acting good. Addie Le Brun looks, acts, fights and sings well as Mercutio. Frank Kerns was laughable as the apothecary, making his entrance to the music of the "Essence," and dancing to the tune of the "Nervea." The burlesque, which has been well placed upon the stage, is full of songs written to the popular airs of the day, and terminates with a regular first part minstrel entertainment, Tony Pastor appearing as bones, Riggs as tambo, Addie Le Brun with triangle, and Maggie Fielding, guitar.

IT IS somewhat strange that in this immense city—boasting, as it justly does, of its wealth and culture—there is but one theatre in which genuine comedy is produced. In London there are several houses devoted almost exclusively to this most pleasing and instructive branch of the dramatic art. In Boston there are two splendid theatres running a generous race of emulation as to which shall produce first, and in the finest style, the admirable productions of modern men of genius. In those theatres have been profitably brought out such fine pieces as "School," "My Lady Clare," "Cyril's Success," "Home" and "How to Blow for Blow." The Boston theatres are nightly attended by refined and appreciative audiences, while the leading newspapers devote considerable space to intelligent criticisms upon the merits of the plays and the comparative excellence of the performers. Surely there is a field here for the production of such plays as we speak of. We have all the talent and refinement necessary for the generous support of one or two theatres, properly conducted, devoted to modern comedy and drama. Only one of the above named plays, "School," has been played in this city. Such theatres as we speak of must be well managed, and first class artists only engaged.

MR. TAYLEURE inaugurates his management of the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening, March 31st, with Shakespeare's last work of "The Tempest," with the following cast:—Prospero, E. L. Davenport; Ferdinand, Frank Mayo; Caliban, W. Davidge; Alonzo, F. C. Bangs; Sebastian, T. F. Egbert; Trinculo, Walter Lennox; Gonzalo, Charles Loveday; Stephano, F. Chippendale; Antonio, James Carden; Adrian, E. Gillett; Francisco, Nichol McIntyre; Boatswain, Geo. Johnson; Master of the Ship, ——; Miranda (her first appearance in America), Josephine Fiddes; Ariel, Catherine Lucette; Juno, Miss Oakley; Ceres, Lilly Davenport; Iris, May Saville; and The Harpy, Miss Egbert. Everything for the proper production of the piece has been gotten up in grand style, we are told, and it is thought will equal, if not surpass, anything yet seen in this country in a spectacular way. The Morlacchi Troupe have been secured and will appear. A *matinee* will be given every Saturday.

THE CHILDREN of the Home of the Friendless had a musical and literary entertainment in this city on the 25th ult.

THE NORTHEASTERN SÄNGERBUND, a German vocal and musical association of this city, held a conclave on the evening of the 25th ult., and arranged a programme for their Whitsuntide festivities.

MESSRS. L. W. SEAVEY & CO., scenic artists, 684 Broadway, whose card is in our advertising columns, are prepared to furnish scenery and machinery for theatres, halls, etc. They are at present engaged on a theatre for the Holy Land, which we are told will be a first class piece of work.

THE ENGLISH ACTRESSES, that have lately arrived in this country, appear to be grievously afflicted as to their health, as several have been prevented from pursuing their business for a time. Elise Holt has been more unfortunate than the rest, as she was laid up a few nights in Boston, and ever since she arrived in this city she has been laboring under great distress; on her first night she was so hoarse she could scarcely be heard, and for the past two weeks has been confined to her bed. Emily Pitt, a member of the Holt Troupe, has been suffering with a sore throat for the past two weeks, and was unable to appear at all last week. Pauline Markham, of the Thompson Troupe, had two or three weeks of sickness, which prevented her from appearing. Ethel Norman, of the Theatre Comique, was suffering the past week from her throat and one of her ears. Miss Dick Lingard, W. H. Lingard, and Conway Cox, of the Theatre Comique, have also been off duty for several nights.

KATE REIGNOLDS closed her engagement at the Broadway Theatre on March 27th, and is followed this week by Miss and Mr. Couldock, who open in "Old Phil's Birth Day." The Williamses are to play a two weeks engagement of broad Irish farce, and then the house closes.

THE BOWERY continues to be crowded every evening by the lovers of the pantomime, and the *matinees* on Monday and Saturday are also largely attended. This is the fourth week of the "Seven Dwarfs," and the interest to witness it has not abated in the least, it being next to an impossibility to secure a good seat any evening after the performance has commenced. The transformation scene is admitted by all who are posted to be one of the most magnificent ever presented in this city.

JOHN BROUGHAM is in the last week of his stay at the theatre in Twenty-fourth street, and announces for his farewell performances the continuation of the *successful burlesque of "Much Ado About a Merchant of Venice," and the drama of "The Lottery of Life."*

SHAKESPEARE WILL be celebrated at the New York Circus by three *matinees*, an extra one being given this day—Easter Monday—besides the regulars on Wednesday and Saturday. Carlotta De Berg, who rides one of the most dashing acts of equestrianism ever witnessed in the sawdust circle, remains another week, also James Cooke, whose scene acts of equestrianism are excellent, while his batteute leaping is as neat as that of any one in the business. Although Mr. Cooke does not clear as many horses as Mr. Kelly, his style is graceful, and he leaps higher than any other man. The balance of the acts presented are all pleasing, and the entertainment presented is well worth seeing.

"SCHOOL" is continued at Wallack's. Business does not hold good, the attendance being a little shy on several evenings the past week. The first *matinee* given at this house during the regency of Mr. Lester Wallack was that of March 27th.

IN THE RETURNS of the receipts of the different places of amusement for the month of February, as given to the Assessors, were all right and not fixed, then the Thompson Burlesque Troupe did a better business at Niblo's Garden than any other combination in this city, and returned nearly two thousand dollars more than has been taken in any previous month during the past two years, exceeding even the best month of Lotta's career. The "Forty Thieves" continues the attraction presented by this party.

NELSE SEYMOUR, while attempting to do the leap, like Harlequin in the pantomime, met with quite an accident at the Spencer Surprise party on March 25th. It appears that Johnny Mack, Nelse Seymour and James Maffitt bantered each other to make the run of the lobby of the theatre and leap through the small window in the rear end of the box office. Johnny Mack successfully accomplished it, landing himself sprawling on the box office floor. Nelse in turn came on, although he went through, his head struck against the window sill, tearing the scalp and causing an ugly and painful wound, so much so that he was unable to perform the following night. Maffitt did not make the attempt after this. The window is too small for feats of this kind. On Saturday, the 27th, Mr. Seymour continued confined to his bed, and the wound is more serious than at first supposed.

THE ELISE HOLT BURLESQUE TROUPE produce Byron's burlesque of "Ivanhoe" on March 31st. "Lucrezia Borgia" will be given this and Tuesday evening, for the last time. Miss Holt continues ill, but it is thought will be sufficiently recovered to appear in "Ivanhoe." Harry Wall's assumption of the *role* of Lucrezia, the past week, was a success, his make-up, acting and singing being very clever. George Beckett was acceptable as the Duck. Miss Emily Pitt continued so much indisposed the past week as to prevent her from appearing at all, and the role of Ursini was filled by Miss Priestley, and the ballet lady a previous *role* of Lireotta taken by Miss Campion. "Boots at the Swan," which preceded the burlesque, was well given by Edward Goleman, Chas. Parslee, and the balance of the company.

JOHNNY MACK, who lately arrived from California is here engaging a minstrel company for the Opera House, San Francisco.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS continue their performance of the laughable burlesque of "The Siege of the Diondes," and in addition give the sketch called "The Court of Justice," besides many other good acts, among which will be found several new ones. In the first part Mr. Wambold sings a new ballad, while Birch and Backus, with the assistance of Bernard, will shoot folly as it flies, and amuse their patrons with hits at the times.

SURPRISE PARTY.—On Thursday evening, March 25, a number of the friends of A. R. Spencer, Esq., one of the proprietors of the Theatre Comique, assembled at his residence and gave him a surprise party; at 11½ o'clock the whole party adjourned to the theatre, where they found the orchestra awaiting them, and a gay time was soon inaugurated. At 1 o'clock the curtain rang up on the curtain, and three large tables placed on the stage were discovered literally groaning with the good things of this life. The affair was gotten up by Charley White, Sam Spencer, and the employees of the house. Among those present we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. White, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Birch, Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Newcomb, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kerns, Tony and Dody Pastor and sisters, Mr. W. H. Lingard, Miss Alice Dunning, Miss Dickey Lingard, Miss E. Norman, Mr. S. Harris and lady, Nelse Seymour, Johnny Mack, Jack Topham, C. A. Runnett, and about 150 others, ladies and gentlemen. The affair passed off agreeably to all, and the wine was as water in profusion. The music by Buaham was excellent, of course. The arrangement broke up at daylight and every one went home well pleased with the night's entertainment.

HARRY LESLIE, who came to this city several months ago with Harry Raynor, from Australia, and opened with Kelly and Leon's minstrels, has returned to England. Harry Raynor purposes returning in a few weeks.

MR. CRABTREE, father of Lotta, contemplates leaving for England in a week or two.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Sandy Spencer, one of the lessees of the Theatre Comique, and proprietor of a saloon one door below the theatre, met with an accident of rather a serious nature on Sunday afternoon, March 28th, while out driving. He had Robert Butler's private team of fast horses, which had not been out for a week, and felt pretty good. Mr. Spencer had with him his wife, child and a lady friend. Just as he was driving past the high rocks, in the upper part of Central Park, the horses became unmanageable and dashed off at a furious rate, the wagon striking against a tree, pitching Mr. Spencer, the child and Mrs. Davis out, breaking both legs of Mr. Spencer, shockingly disfiguring Mrs. Davis, while the wagon wheels passed over the child. Mrs. Spencer remained in the wagon, with great presence of mind, and escaped without any injury. Mr. Spencer was taken to his residence, next door to the Theatre Comique, and no one was permitted to see him that night, as he was delirious. Mr. Spencer will be confined to his room for some time. One of his legs is broken near the ankle, and the other just below the knee.

THE FALLING OFF of business at the Tammany was only of a short duration, as business has been increasing the past two weeks, so that the houses were nearly as large the past week as when it first opened. This is accounted for by the great improvement that has been made in the style of entertainment presented. On March 24th, Miss Rose Lucille, a young lady of the *ballet*, made her first appearance in the act known as the "Niagara Leap." She was assisted by Mr. Coutellier, one of the Coutellier Brothers, who lately performed at Tony Pastor's Opera House. Considering that this was her first attempt in public and only after about two weeks rehearsal, she did remarkably well, and is deserving of great praise for her courage in attempting so dangerous a feat. Previous to the transept flight, she went through a number of tricks with the rings suspended from the hands of Coutellier, who was on the L'Echelle bar suspended from the dome over the stage. She also did a variety of tricks after the flight. Her performance, taken on the whole for one so young and a new beginner, is a creditable one, and Mons. Coutellier, who is possessed of great muscular power, is also deserving of praise. The Gregory Family, who continued to delight the patrons the past week with their gymnastic, and canine, and other performances, remain, and Jean, Albert and Arthur are announced to repeat their L'Echelle Perilleuse act, during which Albert will attempt, for the first time in public, the almost incredulous feat of turning a somersault in mid air, starting from Jean, who is holding him by his hands head downwards, while he holds himself to the bar by his knee joints. Albert making one revolution, catching Arthur by the hands, who is also holding himself head downwards by the knee joints. If successfully performed, it is a feat that ought to attract crowds to witness it, for it is probably the most dangerous aerial act yet attempted by a gymnast, being performed at almost the extreme height of the theatre.

MISS MARRIOTT makes her *debut* in this country at Wood's Museum, this evening, in the *role* of Hamlet, in which character she is said to have won considerable reputation in England. She will be supported by J. F. Catheart as the Ghost, G. F. De Vere as the King, John Albaugh as Horatio, Mary Wells as the Queen, and Rose Cook as Ophelia, with the balance of the company in the cast. "Hamlet" will be performed on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and "Love's Sacrifice" on Wednesday and Friday evenings. Every afternoon this burlesque of "Aladdin" is presented, with Ada Harland in the principal *role*. Commodore Foote, Colonel Small, and Miss Nestelle, the miniature specimens of humanity, are also to be seen here.

EDWIN BOOTH announces

Buchanan impersonating the wily Cardinal, which, if possible, surpassed his Othello. The interest of the audience was kept up from the first scene to the last, during which the applause was frequent. Mr. Buchanan is undoubtedly the best representative of Cardinal Richelieu now living. He and Mr. Forrest are the only actors of the present age who have the physique and power requisite for this great character. Mr. Forrest is now in the decline of life, while Mr. Buchanan is in full vigor of manhood, and in the scenes where Richelieu rises triumphant above the plottings of those who would crush him, he fairly towers above the other characters and idolizes the wonderful being who had no equal either as statesman, scholar or soldier. Miss Virginia Buchanan, as Julia, the fair ward of Richelieu, gained new laurels; her acting was perfect and she showed a thorough understanding of the character. The season closed with the finely selected bill, introducing Mr. Buchanan in his wonderful comedy impersonation of Sir Chas. Coldstream, in his own adaptation of the comedietta, entitled 'Used Up.' It did not seem possible that the Mr. Buchanan we saw on Wednesday, playing the man of fashion and keeping the audience roaring with laughter, could be the same person who, on Monday night as Othello, fairly startled us with his wonderful exhibition of high tragic passion acting. Having seen Charles Mathews enact the part—which he made his own—we were somewhat skeptical as to the capability of Mr. B. to render successfully a part so opposite to his general line; but after witnessing him in the character, we pronounce him not only a great tragedian, but an actor of versatile genius."—*Republican*, March 26th.

OF ST. LOUIS THEATRICALS we have advices up to March 20th, under which date our correspondent, "Hamlet," says:—"At the Olympic, on the 22d, 'La Grand Duchesse' was repeated by request. On the 23d, 'Paris and Helen' was given, with Sophie Worrell as Helen; Irene Worrell as Paris, and Jennie Worrell as Orastes. The piece is well put on the stage, and it will be followed, on the 26th, with 'Barbe Bleue,' for the benefit of Irene and Jennie. In connection with 'Paris and Helen,' Jennie gave her performance of Nan, introducing a clog dance. The Worrells may flatter themselves on their success here, having during their stay made themselves favorites. Mr. S. B. Vilia leaves the Worrells to join the Wallace dramatic company, in conjunction with the Trelaine Sisters, lately at Tony Pastor's Opera House, New York. T. G. Roberts takes Mr. Villa's place.....At De Bar's, Jean Hosmer holds the boards. On the 19th, for her benefit, 'Mary Tudor' and 'Jealous Wife' were given, and on the 20th, 'Lucretia Borgia' and 'Mary Tudor.' On the 22d and 23d, 'Foul Play' was given, with Miss Hosmer as Helen; Nellie McHenry danced "sailor's Hornpipe" in the second act, and did very well. Miss Hosmer's version of 'Foul Play' is quite different from any other I have seen. On the 24th and 25th 'Woman in White' was presented, with Miss Hosmer in the dual role of Laura Farlie and Ann Catherick, supported by Chaplin as Walter Hartwright.....At the Varieties, Mr. Boldy, the *ballet* master, on receiving his pay, left the theatre without giving any reason, and instead of 'Marco' the 'Golden Farmer' was substituted. On the 26th Sallie Mason and Fannie Beane reappeared. In the olio the features have been songs and dances by Carroll and Prendergast, Sallie Mason's 'Funny Man,' a *ballet divertissement* introducing dances by Tassani, Fannie Beane and Mary Oliver, songs by Alice Seidler, who gets nightly applauded for each song, and the acts of the Victorellis on the trapeze. On the 24th, A. J. Talbot and Frank Frayne had a joint benefit, Walter Bray, Charley Dobson and Petite Hunsley volunteering. In the olio, Mr. Talbot snot an orange off the head of Frank Frayne. The afterpiece on this occasion was 'Too Much for Good Nature,' with Frayne as Jenkins. They had a good house. The afterpiece and farce the rest of the week were 'Guardian Angel' and 'Pancher's Fate.'.....Ada Webb makes her appearance at DeBar's on March 29th."

YANKEE MILLER appeared at the Rochester (N. Y.) Theatre on March 22d, and during the week gave a series of Yankee characters. A second performance of W. E. Pollyblank's new drama, "The Adventurer," was given on March 26th and proved a success. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was presented on the 27th.

...Mr. H. K. Powers, formerly of Myers' Dramatic Troupe, has joined the company at the theatre.....Mr. Sartelle left on the 26th to join the Detroit Opera House Company.....Robert Johnston and Nellie Germon open on March 29th in the "Lancashire Lass."

E. EDDY AND HENRIETTA IRVING performed with Kate Fisher's Dramatic Company in Petroleum Centre, Pa., on March 26th, 27th, and were to open in Rousaville on March 29th and 30th; Oil City, 31st, and April 1st and 2d, and Pleasantville the 3d.

FROM CINCINNATI we have theatrical advices as follows:—At the National biz, brightened up considerably last week, with "Humpty Dumpty" on the boards. "A Flash of Lightning" had flashed to very slender houses, but on Monday evening, though the weather was bad, the theatre was well filled, and houses continued excellent all the week in spite of some stormy evenings. The pantomime is produced by Tony Denier's troupe, with Denier as the clown, Sloan as pantaloon, Harry Leslie as harlequin, Mlle. Auriol as columbine, and Ada Monk, of the National company, as burlesque. There is scarcely a change to be noticed from its former production earlier in the season. The *ballets* is better than when last here. Therese Antonina and Henri St. Ody are at the principal dancers. In the closing scene Alfred Moe appears, and performs with great applause. The transformation scene is not as long or elaborate as those of other spectacles, but the endless variety of the piece seems to amuse the lookers on, though its inordinate length rather tires in the end. "Humpty Dumpty" ran only the week. This week Fanny B. Price opens in "Foul Play." She is to be supported by Gotthold, Macauley and others of Wood's company, who will not be needed with the Worrell Sisters.....Joseph Proctor succeeded Mrs. D. P. Powers at Wood's, opening in "Nick of the Woods," which, for a wonder, didn't draw. The next night he appeared as Ethelwold, in "Ambition," to a very fair audience. Wednesday, "Glo" drew well, but on Thursday the benches had a vacant look, with the same play, as the night was stormy. Proctor played "Outalanchet" and "William Tell" on Friday night, and had a big house. He had good support in all the plays from Gottzold, Locke, Church, Woo, and Misses Richards and Jefferson, and the plays have been well presented. But he is a good enough actor to succeed in a better class of plays than those he generally appears in. On the 29th the Worrell Sisters begin a series of their burlesques, opening with the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." It is several years since they have performed in Porkopolis, and they will undoubtedly do a big biz.

A COMPLETE VARIETY AND DRAMATIC COMPANY is advertised for by Manager O. W. Blake, of East Saginaw, Mich., in this week's CLIPPER.

BIDWELL & LOCKE opened in Manchester, N. H., March 22d, with "Lady Audley's Secret." During the week they presented the "French Spy," "Sam Patch," "Octoroon," "Stranger," "Griffi h Gaunt," and "East Lynne," to good houses. They were to go thence to Concord, N. H., opening on March 29th for one week, thence to Nashua and Lowell.

IN PHILADELPHIA, "Holy Week" did not interfere greatly with amusements, several places of public resort being very well attended. Hess' Burlesque Troupe, from Chicago, has last a succession of crowded houses at the Continental Street Theatre, with the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," which has met with a well-deserved and substantial success, the burlesque being well put upon the stage, while the performers made the house ring again with their puns, jokes and telling points in the business of the spectacle. Mr. Hess is certainly entitled to great credit for thus bringing the Chestnut to such eminence, and doing thereat the best business of any theatre in the city. "The Field" will keep the field till further notice..... The Walnut has been giving "Foul Play," but this week the "London Burlesque Company," as it is called, take possession, opening on March 29th in the extravaganza of "Ixion," with the following cast:—Ixion, Miss Jenny Willmore; Juno, Miss Lizzie Willmore; Minerva, Mr. Felix Rogers; Apollo, Mrs. Chas. Walcot; Jupiter, Mrs. Viola Barrett; Cupid, Mrs. S. K. Cheever; Venus, Miss Mary Barr; Queen Ops, Mrs. J. P. Brelsford; Mercury, Mr. Owen Fawcett; Ganymede, Mr. W. A. Chapman. "Miriam's Crime" is also given, with Lizzie Willmore as Miriam, and Felix Rogers as Biles. Miss Jenny Willmore is up for a benefit on April 2d, and a *matinee* performance of "Ixion" will be given on Saturday, 3d.....Fox's American is to burlesque burlesque this week, in a sketch called "Ixion," cast as follows:—Ixion, with a blonde wig, Miss L. Robinson; Jupiter, with a blonde wig, Miss J. Price; Minerva, lady with blonde. C. J. Stewart; Cupid, a little blonde, Little Nell; Venus, more blonde, Miss E. Colleen; Juno, extravagantly blonde, Miss Sallie Apt; Mercury, weather beaten blonde, Miss Belle Graham; Bacchus, red blonde, T. Vance; Mars (too dark to dye), C. Young. The American puts out an immense bill for the Easter holidays, for, in addition to the new burl sque, and the acts of the regular company, a troupe of Arabs, thirteen in numbers, are also to appear in a variety of their great feats. A new *ballet* is to be presented, introducing Mlle. Julio, etc. Marietta Zanfretta will exhibit on the tight rope. The Dashwood Sisters and Robert Nickle are announced for April 5th.....Benefits are in order at the Arch. Three took place the past week, and others are named for the present. On March 29th, the Philadelphia lawyer's new play, "Women Rule," was to be performed for the first time. "School" is to be given on April 5th.....The season of nine representations of Italian opera, with "Kellogg up," as the jockeys would say, is to be inaugurated at the Academy of Music on March 31st, with Donizetti's opera of "Belisario." Judging from the sale of tickets the season promises to be very successful.

THE BLACK CROOK continues on the bills at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., and says our correspondent, "Frank," "business is still in the ascendancy. Crowds that have, and large numbers that have not seen the 'Crook' before, nightly fill the theatre from orchestra to dome. On March 26th, Fred Stanfield, scenic artist, received a benefit tendered by the management, and every seat was filled. On the 30th, a special train will run from Lockport to accommodate the denizens of that place who are anxious to see the 'Crook.' The 'Crook' makes his last appearance on April 3d. Harry Watkins and wife open on the 5th of April. F. S. Chanfrau follows, and will produce his new play of 'Kit.' The Worrell Sisters succeed him; then McKean Buchanan and Virginia will appear. Lotta will appear May 24th. Joe Jefferson shows himself sometime in June."

LAURA KEENE'S Company appear in Lancaster, Pa., on March 31st and April 1st.

HARRY WAGNER joins Clarke's Dramatic Company in Buffalo, N. Y., on March 30th, for a tour through the Canadas.

KATE RANE took a benefit at the Lyceum, Toronto, on March 26th. The musical drama of "The Enchantress" was to be produced on March 29th.

"SCHOOL" is in the third week of its presentation at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn. Mr. F. B. Conway announces his benefit for April 2d.

AGNES ETHEL'S dramatic company were announced to open in Lowell, Mass., on March 29th, for three nights.

CHAS. H. MARTINEZ, comedian, severed his connection with the Galveston theatre on March 9th. He is now in Bryan City, Brazos County, Texas.

MRS. F. S. CHANFRAU, having recovered from her late severe indisposition, re-appears at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, on April 12th.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN opens in Titusville, Pa., on March 30th, with his dramatic company.

GLASSFORD'S DRAMATIC TROUPE, having completed its eastern tour, are on their return to the west. Pauline Cushman has left the company and is in Bridgeport, Conn.

J. C. MYERS' DRAMATIC COMPANY were to appear in Ithica, N. Y., on March 29th, for six nights, and go thence to Elmira, April 5th, for two nights, Corning, 7th and 8th, and Hornellsville, 9th and 10th. There appears to be some misunderstanding between Mr. Myers and J. H. Budworth, the former charging the latter with leaving him rather hastily at Rome, N. Y., without much if any notice, and not appearing, as he promised to in Syracuse, when Mr. Myers had been to some considerable expense to advertise him. On the other side, Budworth says that he did give Mr. Myers plenty of notice of his withdrawal and unfitness to appear in Syracuse, as he was so hoarse that he could scarcely speak a loud word.

Negro Minstrelsy.

"THE NEWSTER MINSTREL ORGANIZATION" is the title of a party that has been brought together under the management of George W. Jackson, consisting of members of Mr. Hooley's company, lately performing at his two opera houses in Brooklyn and Williamsburgh. The party consists of G. W. Jackson, J. K. Campbell, Billy Rice, Joe Mack, M. B. Leavitt, Masters George and Tommy, Joseph Cook, Kaufman, Thomas Whiting, G. P. and Robert Barnard, Lensberg, John White, Ed. Hooley and G. F. Hemming, with John P. Smith as agent. The company were announced to open in Newark, N. J., on the 22d, and Mr. Hooley, taking umbrage at the way they announced themselves (by supposing that they were leading the public to believe they were Hooley's Minstrels), caused a card to be published, warning the public against them. The following editorial notice is from the Newark *Courier*, of March 20th:—"As will be seen by reference to two 'cards,' printed in our advertising columns, Mr. R. M. Hooley, of the Brooklyn Opera House, is trying to run a muck with the minstrel troupe announced to appear in this city on Monday evening. The circumstances of the case are as follows:—It appears that Hooley has been trying to run two minstrel companies in Brooklyn, which, being found rather too strong a dose for the City of Churches, he summarily discharged one troupe, notwithstanding a number of the members were engaged for the year terminating in September next. Thus thrown upon their own resources, they have been compelled to shift for themselves, and have selected Newark for their first appearance outside Hooley's Opera House. Mr. Jackson, the present manager, who, we have every reason to believe, is the gentleman he appears, informs us that he applied for and obtained permission from Mr. Hooley to advertise the company as "from Hooley's," and did so. Yesterday, however, actuated by a spirit which was as strange as it was censurable, Mr. Hooley took pains to come to Newark and denounce the troupe as 'impostors.' Where the 'imposition' comes in we most certainly fail to see. If such conduct is the result of a desire to crush out his former employees, it will only serve to pack the Opera House, on Monday evening, with a larger audience than could otherwise have been called out under any circumstances. Our amusement goers are noted for a propensity to see the fair thing done by all, and any foul manœuvres of Hooley, aforesaid, will be likely to fail. The performers announced to appear in this city comprise the best of the Brooklyn troupe, and a very excellent entertainment may reasonably be counted on."

WHITMORE & CLARK'S MINSTRELS were at Springfield, Mass., March 22d.

COOL BURGESS AND ROLLIN HOWARD, who are now making a tour of the New Dominion, are being favored by eulogistic criticisms by the press, from which we should infer that they are stars in the firmament they have chosen to twinkle in. For the characters they so successfully assume and opinions thereon, see their card in another column.

LEON AND MIGAULON, double clog, song and dance and general performers, advertise that they can be engaged.

"PRINCE AMABEL, OR THE MAGIC ROSES," is the title of an extravaganza produced at the Morris Brothers' Opera House, Boston, and which is having a succession of good houses. We are told that it has been handsomely placed upon the stage, having been gotten up with much care as to detail under the direction of E. Warden. In the cast are Hattie Snow, Carrie Thompson, Lena Warren, Johnny Wild, E. Warden, Hughey Dougherty, Frank Christy and others.

COOL BURGESS' MINSTRELS, who have been travelling through Canada, will be in Vermont this week, and are advertised ahead as follows:—St. Albans, April 3d; Burlington, 5th; Montpelier 6th; Windsor, 7th; Brattleboro, 8th; Rutland, 9th, and Bellows' Falls, 10th. The company, as at present organized, consists of Cool Burgess, Rollin Howard, T. L. Fitch, Ned Lafricain, Joe H. Banks, A. Robertson, M. Foley, J. Kelk and G. H. Green.

OTTO BURBANK, says the *Enterprise*, of Virginia City, is a great but unfortunate traveler. Some time ago he undertook to cross the Sierra Nevada and *suffered* untold hardships, *all the water being frozen*; and more recently, in crossing, he suffered from all the water being vice versa.

A PRESENTATION.—Tom Baker was presented with a breastpin, set with emeralds and a diamond, valued at $125, on the evening of March 20th, at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, by Delehanty and Hengler.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS were at Bloomington, Ill., on March 22d and 23d; Jacksonville, 24th; Quincy, 25th, and were to be in Hannibal, Mo., on the 26th.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS were announced for a season of six nights at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., commencing on March 29th. Charles Melville, the agent, had thoroughly billed the city.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS occupied the Newark Opera House, N. J., on March 25th, 26th and 27th, and played to good business. Our correspondent, "Rover," says:—"The instrumental music was excellent, while the singing of Bunnie and Oberist was a treat seldom offered. Fayette Welch attends to the tambo, and Dave Wilson the bone end. Welch's act called the 'Musical Moke,'" in which he plays several different instruments and does a jig, brought down the house. Ned West did a clog and the "Essence" in his usual excellent manner, and received an *encore*. Dick Parker gave a banjo solo, and Master Bobby a song and dance, both of which were deservedly *encored*. The company is a first class one."

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS were advertised to perform in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on March 25th, but did not, as the audience was considered too small to warrant it. This is said to be the first time on record that an established minstrel party has failed to do a big business there.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS were announced to sing in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on March 29th.

THE GREAT MINSTREL ORGANIZATION, of which there has been considerable talk and newspaper correspondence of late, gave a performance at the Opera House, Newark, on March 22d, before a large audience. Our correspondent says:—"Notwithstanding the many difficulties under which the company were laboring, they gave a good entertainment and were warmly applauded. They return here on the 8th, 9th and 10th of April."

FOUND.—A member of Buckley's Serenaders, when that troupe was performing in Bush's Hall, at Penn Yan, on the 17th ult., lost a ring, which Mr. F. Poyner, agent of the hall, writes us he has found, and which he has sent to us to be delivered to the owner. By proving the property, the ring will be handed to the gentleman who lost it.

CARNCROSS AND DIXEY'S MINSTRELS in Philadelphia asked to be exempt from the law which forbids the placing of benches and chairs in the aisles of their opera house, but city councils oppose the motion, and request the Legislature not to exempt them.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS having made an extended tour through the west, (which is said to have been a profitable one to Samuel,) are on their return trip for an invasion of the New England towns, where Mr. Sharpley is a great favorite, and where he generally attracts good houses. His company, as at present organized, consists of Sam Sharpley and Harry Stanwood, ends; J. G. Withers, Masters Willie and Charlie, E. M. Hall, Jesse Kane, Church and others. The following extracts from some of the western papers show with what success the company have been meeting:—"Notwithstanding the terrific storm which prevailed last night, Sharpley's Minstrels had a very fair audience out to witness their last performance. The fact that so many people faced the storm last night to hear them illustrates their power to draw. Had it not have been for the storm the house would certainly have been crowded, as many persons had delayed hearing them to the last night. They presented a first class entertainment. The flute solo deservedly received an *encore*. It is one of the sweetest things on the programme and never fails to please an audience Many other pieces were loudly applauded and everybody seemed well pleased."—St. Paul *Press*. "That Sharpley's Minstrels are popular is evidenced by the overflowing houses that everywhere greet their appearance. But little more than six months since they played an engagement of four nights, and departed with golden laurels. Last night almost every seat at the Opera House was occupied, and for more than two hours the audience was delightfully entertained with the choicest gems of minstrelsy. Sam was in excellent humor, and abounded in mirth-provoking original hits, conundrums, anecdotes, ballads, etc.—*La Crosse Democrat*." "Sam Sharpley's unrivaled minstrels held forth last night to a full house. It is the best minstrel troupe in the United States, the inimitable Sam *Sharp*-ley being better than most entire troupes. Mr. Sharpley is a gentleman, and to him, in a great measure, is due that refinement and elevation of negro minstrelsy which has been observed of late years. He has demonstrated that it is possible to be funny without being vulgar, and to draw crowded houses from among the best society. Sam is a natural wit, and his local hits never fail to bring down the house. Sam Sharpley, glorious Sam, the big-hearted, fun-loving, broad-guaged champion of America, as an Ethiopian bard, will always draw full houses, for he knows how to make his entertainments those of pleasure.—*St. Paul Pioneer*." The route ahead of this company is as follows:—Peoria, Ill., April 1st; Galesburg, 2d; Keokuk, Iowa, 3d and 4th; Quincy, 5th; Jacksonville, 6th; Springfield, 7th, and Bloomington 8th.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, in Brooklyn, produce this week another burlesque by J. L. Donnelly, entitled "Four T Thieves," in which will be presented a transformation scene called the "Bower of Roses," also the Fairy Fountain of Real Water, exhibiting various colors. Joe Emmet and others of the company continue in special acts.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS are advertised to be in Albany, N. Y., on March 30th and 31st.

JOHNNY BUCKLEY, who puts in his claim as "the champion banjoist and challenge performer of the world," advertises for an engagement in this week's CLIPPER.

DAN TURNER AND DAN KELLY, who are agile on the ole banjo, and good on the ends, advertise for an engagement in this week's CLIPPER.

"THE BOWERY GIRL OF PARSHUNK ROAD," a new burlesque, is the attraction this week at Carncross and Dixey's, Philadelphia. The characters are distributed as follows:—Prince Hal, J. L. Carncross; Flipmagilder, Harry Lehr; Don Slam Booto, E. N. Slocum; Sir Robert Bellows, Robert Fraser; Catharine of Boleyn, John Charles; Sans Souci, E. F. Dixey; Allus Fen Sol, Lew Simmons.

WILSON'S MINSTRELS are said to have done a good business at their Opera House, St. Louis, Mo., the past week. In the first part the Anvil Chorus has been the *finale*. In the olio, Fred's budget of songs, Harry Gurr, the Man-fish, and "One Night in a Bar-room" have been the features. The sketch of Attilla's Revenge" was the afterpiece. J. H. Howard, late treasurer for this party, has left them. Fred closes soon for a traveling tour

Circuses.

A LEADER OF ORCHESTRA, competent to blow his tenor horn, either in E or B flat, wishes an engagement for the forthcoming circus season. See John Keeler's card in our advertising columns.

G. G. GRADY starts with his "Old Fashioned American Circus" from Kenton, Ohio, where he makes his first stand on May 12th, and remains three days; and goes thence to Upper Sandusky, Tiffin, Findley, and thence through the west. The company consists of Ada Inez Montclair, who Mazeppaizes; Lillie Lane, female clown and *dansense*; Miss C. Blanchard, *dansense* and vocalist; Charles Carietor, the Miller Brothers, the Van Zandt Brothers, J. C. Lonly, Larrie O'Neil, A. J. North, A. J. Andrews, Professor Ayres, J. C. Terry, G. G. Grady, and G. H. Grady, clown; G. G. Grady, proprietor and manager; John R. Lane, equestrian director; W. M. Ayres, treasurer; A. R. Scott, general business agent, and H. Pearce, bill agent.

F. TOURNIAIRE, somersault rider, can be engaged. See his card elsewhere.

AS CIRCUS MANAGERS are now mapping out their routes for the forthcoming season, it is valuable information for them to know the best locations for erecting their canvas castles. Those travelling Pennsylvaniaward should make a note of the fact that Agricultural Park, Pottsville, Pa., is the best spot in that region. See card to that effect in our advertising columns.

A NUMBER OF ANIMALS are advertised for sale. See card.

LAKE'S CIRCUS pitched tent in Washington, Ga., on March 23d, and did well. A member of the company, in writing to us, says:—"The spring rains have commenced and the mud is getting very deep, but we dash through it like a fat rat through a new cheese. We have not missed a stand in Georgia yet. We show in La Grange, Ga., on April 5th. Lake is organizing as he goes along."

EUGENE MARTINEZ, an expert in the knife impalement feat, juggling, etc., may be engaged by addressing him as per advertisement in another column.

THREE SIDE SHOW TENTS are advertised for sale by C. E. Tillotson in this issue.

DESIRABLE CIRCUS PROPERTY is advertised for sale in the CLIPPER by A. Conant. Evidently a good opportunity for those contemplating "taking to the road" this season.

THE PRIVILEGE to exhibit a double headed girl under the big tent is wanted by D. K. Prescott, who advertises in another column.

"THE GREAT SPRING CIRCUS," as it is called, now performing at Tenth and Callowhill sts., Philadelphia, will close there on the 3d of April.

THE WATSON BROTHERS, gymnasts, have been engaged for Stickney's Circus.

BILLY WARD, clown and juggler, advertises that he can be engaged for the summer season.

A YOUNG MAN wishes to go with a responsible manager as clown. See John Reilly's advertisement.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG and wife advertise for an engagement for the tenting season.

AN APPRENTICE, of about 14 or 15 years of age, is wanted for one of the leading gymnastic troupes at present before the public.

Music Halls.

THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Ala., says our correspondent "Guy," writing under date of March 22d, "is doing a heavy business." Johnny Reiden has become one of the proprietors and managers, and has given the strongest programme for the past three nights that has been witnessed for a long time. Miss Nellie Whitney did her great sensational act of the 'Active Gal.' Miss Lotta Starr appeared in her songs and dances, John Rickaby, in his comic and sentimental songs, Tommy Winnett, in song and dance and 'Essence of Kentucky,' while Johnny Reiden has become a favorite in all his acts. He is tendered a complimentary benefit for Friday evening next.....Dick Western is still confined to his bed in this city, but is improving slowly."

THE AMERICAN, Baltimore, Md., is reported by our correspondent, "Don Juan," to be doing a good business. He says:—"Messrs Nachman and Garinas, the proprietors, are running an excellent company, a late acquisition to which is Johnny Harris. Johnny's two children, Little Agnes and Master Tommy, aged four and six years, are also in the troupe, one appearing in eccentric character delineations and the other as a *dansense*. They are favorites with the public. The first part (minstrel scene) comprises Johnny Harris as interrogator, and Johnny Perkins and George Thatcher on the ends; also, Kitty Lee, Kate Clare, Anna Elridge, Fanny Devere and Anna Mc. more. Kate Clare is an excellent vocalist, and her 'Maid of Athens' is sweetly sung, and *encored*. The 'coaks' of Thatcher and Perkins elicit the liveliest merriment and keep all in good humor. The comic refrains of Anna Elmore Mansfield are always acceptable, judging from the many recalls she has nightly. Kitty Lee is a favorite in the terpsichorean line. The olio is lengthy and varied, taking in the wee sma' hours ere it is concluded. 'Old Times Rocks,' with Johnny Harris as Hungry Jake, Matt Wheeler as Major Rocks, and J. W. Berkley as William Wheatley, is provocative of side-splitting laughter, as is also the sketch of 'Dead and Alive,' by Wheeler, Perkins and Thatcher. The champion jig of Kate Clare is always *encored*. Annie Elridge does some fine dancing, and is the attraction in the can-can. This sensation is putting money in the purses of our concert hall managers."

AT THE OPERA HOUSE, Harrisburg, Pa., business is reported to be good. The performance the past week commenced with a dance by Miss Ada Jones, followed by Frank Bell in a song and dance, and a ballad by Miss La Rean. Charley Wright then appeared (for the first time in that city) and sang a comic song. A new farce was then given called "Will You Go My Bail, or Who Will Pay the Costs," in which Murray, Redford, Fish and Allen appeared. This was followed by Dan Howe on the horizontal bar and a dance by Miss Edwards.

THE PRESENT TROUPE of performers at the Canterbury, Washington, is by far the best that has yet appeared under the present management. Our correspondent, who attended on the evening of March 23d, says:—"The evening was very stormy, but the audience in attendance was large, the galleries particularly being excessively crowded. The programme was divided into four parts and embraced pantomime, *ballet* and the drama, in addition to the regular olio part. A fancy dance, by Mlle. Jeanette; song and dance, by Frank Allison; double dance, by Fanny and Lizzie Florence; song and dance, by Alf. Miles; song, with drum accompaniment, by Mary Andrews; clog dance, by Master Allison; comical songs, by John Forbes; and a *ballet divertissement* by Mlle. Idelle and Mons. Weithoff and corpphee, embraced the first part. An Ethiopian act by Jule Keen, John Forbes and Alf. Miles was given as an introduction to the second part. Mlle. Jeanette followed in a polka and Master Allison in a burlesque fling. A double song and dance by Miles and Keen preceded the introduction of Mlle. Idelle and Mons. Weithoff in a *pas de deux*. The Florence Sisters then appeared in a series of comic duetts. The Misses Florence are young and handsome, and sing together prettily. They were called out six times and on each occasion sang something fresh and new. The comic pantomime called 'Jacky Jingle and Betty Pringle' was then presented. The pantomime is a cleverly arranged affair and is given in four scenes. In the second, the can-can was danced in stage costume, and in the fourth scene it was performed in drawing-room dresses. The performance concluded with the two act drama, entitled the 'Butcher's Dog of Ghent,' in which Mr. W. J. Thompson appeared as Black Martin and introduced his educated dog Hector. Mr. Thompson gave an excellent rendition of the character assumed, and was well supported by Mary Andrews and Messrs. Thomas E. Webster, H. C. Andrews, John Forbes and Alf. Miles.....Harry Hart, Ethiopian performer, and Emma Marsh, *dansense*, have joined the company at the Metropolitan. Mr. Hart appears on the tamborine end and sings in a clever way the song, 'Jolly Pat Murphy.' In the olio he does the song and dance, 'Dandy Jim, the Swell,' in an excellent manner. 'Meet me, Jessie, at the Gate,' by Nellie Edwards; 'Tapioca,' by Billy Hart; 'There is no such Girl as mine,' by George Hall, and 'Minnie Low,' by Julia Barton, are the songs given in the parlor entertainment. Millie Stacy appears in a variety of pleasing dances and is rapidly growing in favor. Billy Hart sings 'Dandy Pat' in capital style, and is nightly rewarded with hearty applause. Mr. Hart's Irish impersonations are exceedingly well given. He appears in a laughable sketch called the 'Arrival of O'Donohue,' and is assisted by Susie Summerfield and Harry Hart. George L. Hall continues in the position of stage manager, and also acts as interlocutor. Refreshments on the stage were daringly and successfully performed by Louisa Boshell. Miss B. gives a very neat and interesting performance. She is captivating in appearance, and has already won hosts of admirers. Nellie Edwards makes a feature of songs of a comical nature, and is a leading attraction in the troupe. The performance each evening concludes with a well arranged piece, entitled 'Life in Paris,' which is capitally presented and carefully acted. Marie Zoel, Maggie Hunter and Mollie Russell remain in the company."

AT THE BALTIMORE OPERA HOUSE business here has been very good for the last few weeks, with Mde. Edra, *prima donna*; Chas. Howard, impersonator of old nigger character; Geo. Morton, banjoist; T. McIntyre, Ethiopian comedian; Miss Carrie Gardner, balladist; Mr. J. S. Forbes, in his drum solo, and Miss Addie Johnson, *dansense*.

P. H. SEAMON has got another "Peter Honts Family," which he is exhibiting in Omaha, at the Academy of Fun.

"IXION," John F. Poole's burlesque, originally presented at Tony Pastor's Opera House, has been so remodeled for the locality, have been produced at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, and has been very successfully received. Our correspondent says:—"This burlesque and the 'French Spy' are put upon the boards in the manager's usual good style, and he is rewarded for his pains in good houses nightly. Jennie Engle, Kate Quinton, Belle Boyd and Maude St. Leone, are the reigning favorites in the programme, not forgetting the stage manager, McAndrews, Ralph and the other mase members of the company."

THE ORIGINAL PITTSBURGH BOYS, Tom and Frank, songists and dancists, and Harry Mack, stage manager and general performer, may be engaged, as per card in our advertising columns.

CINCINNATI MUSIC HALL business for last week is thus summed up by our correspondent:—"The Race Street Varieties has had a number one addition in Master Harry Booker, who does a genteel song and dance in regular Ethiopian style. He is but 16, and will make his mark if he applies himself to his work. His general comic business is also good. The feature of the week was a burlesque on 'Humpty Dumpty,' with Benedict as Pantaloon, Clannon as Clown, Reed as Harlequin, and Celia Ilert as Columbine.....The Olympic did not open as announced, in consequence of the non-arrival of the company engaged. It will open about the 29th.....Oxford Hall has been doing a good biz., with Thompson and Dan Conner on the 8th to singing of Leon and Rose and the dancing of Katie Atwood are excellent. Miss Minnie Clark made her reappearance after a spell of sickness, and took things by storm. She is a good *dansense*. A double song and dance, on the rough order, by Geo. Thompson and Conner, was encored nightly.....The Oxford people gave a sacred concert at Military Hall, over the canal, on Sunday, the 21st, the whole party participating, to the great delight of Rob the Germans. The Race street party are contemplating a similar entertainment at Jefferson Hall early in April.....At Yale's and the New York Hall business has been pretty good, but there has been nothing new to write of."

BILLY GREY and the Whiting Sisters, who have been playing for the past three months at the Toledo "International," severed their connection with that hall on the 27th ult., and have gone to Cleveland to play an engagement at Kastaler and Bitter's new variety theatre. The benefit tendered to Grey at Toledo gave them a benefit, which proved a grand success. The party at the International now consists of John Carl on the banjo; John H. Clark, cloggist; Maude De Lasco, vocalist and guitarist; Jennie Walbridge, fancy dancer; and Harry Parks, Ethiopian comedian.

THE BALTIMORE OPERA HOUSE is said to have the largest company of any establishment south of Philadelphia. Every night the novel feature of a velocipede exhibition before the door takes place. Ollie Jenkins, comic singer, from the London Alhambra, is an excellent velocipedist. He is shortly to appear at the New York Tammany. The Opera House is under the management of the Kernan Brothers. Mr. Jenkins is the author of the London song, "Agnes Jilted Him for Me."

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, still continues in the full tide of success. Our correspondent says:—"During the stage manager Edeson's absence east the past week in pursuit of talent, that department has been attended to by Geo. W. Herman. The features have been the dancing of M'lle Augusta, ballads of Adah Richmond, trapeze act of the Van Zandt Brothers, together with the usual assortment of negro sketches, and the Spanish *ballet* of the 'Belle of Madrid,' the performance concluding with the farce of 'A Dutchman's Difficulties,' in which Nicolo Norton performed the part of Peter Spyx. Next week the company open in East Saginaw, under the stage management of Geo. R. Edeson, and are succeeded here by an entirely new company, including Sam Collyer and his boys, Miss Nellie Taylor, vocalist, Edward Morely, Ventriloquist, with the 'Punch and Judy Show,' etc."

THE GAIETIES, Columbus, Ohio, opened with a variety company, under the management of John M. Kinney, on March 22d. The company consists of Mlle. Rose Reese, Nic Berhalon, Mike Foley, Harry Somerville, the Dupont Brothers, Miss Stanley, Zoyara, Annie Hindle and the Lopez Family.

FOR MARSDORF'S VARIETIES, Reading, Pa., three *dansenses* are wanted. See advertisement.

MUSIC HALL TALENT is wanted for Bay City, Mich., by D. O'Connor. See advertisement.

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD BLANCHARD continue their engagement at the Pittsburgh, Pa., Theatre, where are also engaged this week Gus Lamarcaux, Nellie Howard, Oscar Willis, Johnny Collins, Dick Carroll, Chas. Gardener, Lillie Beckett, Louisa and Ada Wray and Lucy Clifton.

A NEW COMPANY of performers appear at Smythe's American Theatre, Pittsburgh, this week, among whom will be found Robert Nickle, Harry Richmond, Amy Brent and Annie Eldridge.

J. H. BUDWORTH was announced to open an engagement at the Olympic, Brooklyn, on March 29th in "Rip Van Winkle." The Nellie Haskell Burlesque Troupe is the title given a new organization announced to open there on April 5th.

Miscellaneous.

THE CANTATA of "Esther," with appropriate costumes, lately brought out by the Portsmouth (N. H.) Philharmonic Society, is to be repeated Fast Day evening, April 8th, at the Temple, in that City.

PHILO A. CLARKE, agent, is to rejoin the Ellinger and Foot party for the coming season.

ORR T. V. CUTRIGHT (formerly a city attorney), caused the arrest and trial of S. G. Waldron, agent for the Alleghanian Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, in Chilhcothe, Ill., for having *Out-Right* was sole guardian. The judge, in consideration of the *character* of the complaint, did not impose any fine upon defendant, only assessing the cost of suit at $2 30, which Mr. Waldron promptly paid. The *Weekly Citizen*, of that place, gives a half column account of this novel suit, and, in summing up, says:—"Notwithstanding the intense excitement caused by this extraordinary case, the Alleghanians will have a full house."

"THAT COMICAL BROWN," and William Hayward, balladist, are advertised at St. Albans, Vt., March 31st.

SPRAGUE & CO.'S COMBINATION AND BRASS BAND closed a successful engagement at Shaw's new hall, Biddeford, Me., March 22d.

CAMILLA URSO, assisted by Miss Graziella Ridgeway, soprano; Rodolph Hall, the contortionist; D. C. Hall, bugle soloist; and Charles E. Pratt, pianist; are giving a series of concerts in the west.

THE ALLEGHANIANS reappeared at Galesburg, Ill., March 23d, to a splendid house. After a very prosperous tour of seven months and fifteen days, they are now to "rest from their labors," preparatory to a third visit to California and the South American continent.

DE CORDOVA commenced his series of humorous lectures in Boston, March 29th.

THE BARKER FAMILY, Old Folks Concert Troupe, were advertised at Foxboro, Mass., March 23d.

THE BAKER FAMILY closed their concert tour last week at their home in Waukegan, Ill.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS is to sing at the Handel and Haydn Society concerts, at Music Hall, Boston, March 27th and 28th.

TALBOT is wanted for the Metropolitan Music Hall, East Saginaw, Mich. See the proprietor's card elsewhere.

A TABLEAUX and musical entertainment was concluded on the 17th ult., at Manchester, N. H., by the marri

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, fifteen cents per line for each and every insertion.
FOR MISCELLANEOUS and SPECIAL Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR NOTICES to be interspersed in our NEWS Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*; the same notice not to be inserted more than once.
IN OUR LEADER OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS (editor of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.
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NOTICE TO MANAGERS.
W. B. CARROLL, with his two pupils, can be engaged. His boy does a fine, straightforward principal, and very good Tumbler. My principal act is to ride horses and carry a little girl five years old. Address W. B. CARROLL, care of CLIPPER office, N. Y. 49-41*

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First class managers wishing the services of above for full enter tainment (music and magic) can do so by addressing care of
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CANVAS SEASON OF 1869.
WANTED—A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY,
TWO PREMIERE DANSEUSES,
TWENTY LADIES FOR BALLET,
FULL BRASS AND STRING BAND.
ALSO, A NO. 1 BOSS CANVASMAN, to perform under canvas for the season of 1869. Must be good, sober men. Apply by letter, stating lowest salary (two performances a day), to P. W. DAVIS & CO.,
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50-tf* Proprietor of Allyn Hall.

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SPECIAL CARD.—The firms of Joseph Warren & Co. and Howard & Johnson have been consolidated, and the proprietors have formed a joint stock association under the name of THE COURIER COMPANY, Warren, Johnson & Co., Proprietors, for the purpose of carrying on all the branches of business hitherto transacted by the two firms. The Directors of the Company chosen for the first year are Joseph Warren, Ethan H. Howard, James M. Johnson, William C. Horn and Milo Stevens, and the following officers have been elected:—President, Joseph Warren; Vice President, James M Johnson; Treasurer, E. H. Howard; Secretary, Milo Stevens. The considerations which have led to the consolidation of these remunerative printing establishments are the increase of facilities for doing a constantly increasing amount of business, the economy of management and the concentration of energy and capital.
The Counting Room of the COURIER and the Business Office of the Company is at the store, 197 Main street. The entrance to the Editorial, Composition and Newspaper Press Rooms will be by the alley between Nos. 195 and 200 Washington street.
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Canton, for its size, is the foremost manufacturing city in Ohio
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THREE STEADY EXTRA DOUBLE CLOGGISTS.
Must be rather short in stature, and have a good and showy wardrobe.
Apply by letter, stating lowest salary, at Louisville, Ky., 11th, 12th and 13th; Nashville, Tenn., 15th and 16th; Memphis, 17th 18th, 19th and 20th; Bowling Green, Ky., 22d; New Albany, Indiana, 23d; Evansville, 24th, 25th and 27th, to CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager.
P. S.—Should be pleased to hear from Messrs. Delehanty & Hagler, Sheridan and Mack, and Sprague and Ryan. 50-3t*

DeWITT, PUBLISHER

New York, March, 1869.
TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS.
I am now prepared to furnish MS. copies of the following plays:—

"SCHOOL."—A Comedy, in Four
Acts. By T. W. Robertson, author of "Caste," "Society," "Ours," &c.

This piece has not only been played at the Princess' Theatre, London, with unprecedented success, but at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, Mrs. Conway's Theatre, Brooklyn, at Wallack's Theatre, in this city, at Laura Keene's Theatre, Washington, at Aiken's Theatre, Chicago, and at Mrs. John Drew's Theatre, Philadelphia, it is nightly played to enthusiastic admirers, being by all odds the grandest triumph of the pure legitimate drama that has been witnessed for very many years.
Annexed are a few extracts taken from whole columns of criticisms that have appeared in the ablest and most reliable journals:—
[London Telegraph, Jan. 18.]
"'School' is not only the greatest success which has been achieved on these boards, but the most enjoyable entertainment the playgoing public can imagine. A play so delightfully written affords a triumphant reply when any argument is brought forward touching the degeneracy of the stage..... The author was called for and applauded with a heartiness which has never been exceeded..... There can be no doubt that 'school,' at the Princess', will not be broken up for many months to come."
[London Star, Jan. 12th, 1869.]
"Mr. Robertson's comedy owes its great success to the warm interest excited by all its characters, to the various sparkle of its dialogue, and to the growing fascination of a simple and natural story, developed with great taste and skill, in the one atmosphere of 'School,' well chosen and artistically preserved. Mr. Robertson has filled this charming play with sprightly fancy, sharp satire and deeply-cut marks of character. Never has there been better writing than is to be found in this exquisite comedy. Every line is natural, yet every line is a bit. To see all its beauties, it must be watched, as it was on Saturday, by an audience eagerly hanging on every word, and bursting, at its termination, into prolonged manifestations of delight."
[London Sunday Times, Jan. 24th, 1869.]
"'School' has scarcely a dull line—assuredly, it has not a dull scene. So sprightly, gracious and attractive a play has rarely been seen. A pleasanter or more magical air has seldom been thrown about a drama. No play-goer in London who has the power to see this performance should leave it unvisited."
[London Stage, Jan. 23d, 1869.
"Great as have been Mr. Robertson's successes, 'School' is a greater success still. The piece has had a really extraordinary reception. On the first night the author was called before the curtain thrice; and since the crowded and enraptured audience have clamored nightly for the author."
*** "School" has 5 male and 3 female characters.

HOME.—A comedy in 3 Acts; by
T. W. Robertson, Author of "Caste," "Society," "School," &c., &c.

We append, from the leading London journals some excerpts from their extended criticisms:—
[From the London Stage, Jan. 16, 1869.]
"'Home' is an admirable work. This comedy is superior to anything Mr. Robertson has yet done. It is admirable enough to take its place as an English dramatic classic. It is a true and beautiful picture of life."
[From the London Daily News, Jan. 15.]
The success of the comedy ("Home") was complete.
[From the London Sunday Times, Jan. 17.]
"Home" is a pleasant, lively, interesting, and thoroughly characteristic work, full of clever situations and sparkling dialogue. In construction, and characterization it is equally good. The success of the entire performance was unchecked and brilliant.
[From the London Telegraph, Jan. 16.]
The three act comedy "Home," by MR. Robertson, is well pointed with a sound, wholesome moral. Full of interest and of fun, rarely has a comedy been received with more unequivocal demonstrations of delight.
[From the London Telegraph, Jan. 25.]
The Haymarket Theatre is nightly filled with delighted audiences, who derive the highest form of intellectual gratification from the pictures of real life so vividly placed before them in "Home."
[From the London Musical Review.]
The new comedy of "Home," received with such overwhelming applause has proved that Mr. Robertson's high reputation is based upon superlative merit.
[From the London Athenæum, Jan. 23.]
"Theatrical annals furnish, we believe, no record of a triumph such as Mr. T. W. Robertson has recently won in his comedy of "Home." The love-making is real, and so complete is Ould's victory, that a nobleman or a country officer is very far from likely to give up all things and 'be no better than a homely swain.'"
[From Echoes from the Clubs, Jan. 23, 1869.]
"Last week, Mr. T. W. Robertson added another to his list of monosyllable successes, and 'Home'—the sweetest word in our language—will adorn the play bills of the Haymarket Theatre for a considerable time. The comedy was received with enthusiasm, the calls being hearty and numerous."
[From the London Star, Jan. 15th.]
"A comedy from the pen of Mr. T. W. Robertson was produced last night. It is called 'Home,' and is destined to win its way to an enduring place in the affections of the London public. The success of the piece may be attributed to most of the qualities which go to ensure theatrical success. The author was loudly called for after the first and the last acts, and he thoroughly deserved the compliment."
[From the Era, Jan. 31.]
"At the Haymarket Mr. Robertson's comedy of 'Home' has proved a great success, and Mr. Sothern has given up his American engagements in consequence."
[From the Era of Jan. 17.]
"Mr. Robertson has given us again a charming picture of English life and manners, spiced up with humor and repartee, of which he is now becoming the acknowledged master. In plot, perhaps, 'Home' is a more ambitious work than Mr. Robertson has hitherto attempted."
It will thus be seen that this piece is conceded to be the most effective and perfect play that has ever been produced on the London boards. It abounds in eminently striking scenes, and the characters are of surpassing power—giving scope for the finest display of forensic ability.
This beautiful piece has just proved a grand success at the Boston Museum.
"HOME" does not depend for success upon the extraneous aids of ornament and clap-trap. One elegant interior is all it needs; so that it can be produced as effectually in a small as a large house. The characters of Dora, Mrs. Pinchbeck, Col. White and Count Mountraffe, are particularly strong and telling.
*** "HOME" has 4 Male and 3 Female Characters.

"MY LADY CLARA."—A Drama
in Five Acts. By T. W. Robertson, author of "Caste," "Society," "Ours," "School," &c.

This piece differs materially in most respects from any of the previous productions of this great author. Indeed, it only resembles them in its general excellence. It is more of the romantic school, and is full of passages of rare pathos and extreme dramatic force. There is, likewise, a strong comic element in the piece. Hibbs, the cockney trader, forming a strong contrast to the sentimental German composer. Two admirable female characters strengthen the piece.
[From the London Era, of Feb. 28, 1869.]
"A very fashionable audience assembled to witness Mr. Robertson's 'My Lady Clara' at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. The plot is ingenious, and it is brilliantly written. Throughout the piece Mr. Robertson evinces that thorough appreciation of dramatic effect which has characterized all his productions."
[The Liverpool Post, of Feb. 23, 1869.]
"'My Lady Clara' was performed last night before a full house. The plot is so adroitly told that a strong interest is aroused. There is substance in nearly every line—point in every sentence. The effect of each single dialogue is remarkably dramatic."
[From the Boston Advertiser, March 24, 1869.]
"This play—'My Lady Clara'—is to be pronounced far superior to most of the modern acting dramas. Its situations are wonderfully effective, and they are worked out sometimes with a truly poetical and artistic skill."
"My Lady Clara" has been produced with eminent success at the two leading Boston Theatres (the Museum and Selwyn's), and is now being played simultaneously at these two houses to crowded audiences, who nightly applaud the numerous brilliant scenes to the very echo which doth applaud again."
*** "My Lady Clara" has 5 male and 3 female characters.

"CYRIL'S SUCCESS."—A Play, in
Five Acts. By Henry J. Byron. Author of "Blow for Blow," "The Lancashire Lass" &c.

WE APPEND A FEW EXTRACTS FROM THE MOST RELIABLE LONDON PRINTS.
[From the London Times, Oct. 30, 1868.]
"The success of the piece was assured when the admirable situation of the third act evoked a general burst of applause throughout the house, and there was nothing to check the enthusiasm of the audience afterwards. Few verdicts have been pronounced more emphatically and spontaneously than that which declared the complete triumph of 'Cyril's Success.'"
[From the London Sunday Times, Dec. 6, 1868.]
"* * * It is a piece of which Mr. Byron may be proud; and which is likely to maintain for some time at flood the fortunes of the Globe Theatre. We congratulate the author upon a bold step forward in his profession."
[From the London Star, Dec. 4, 1868.]
"Mr. Byron has not written anything so good as 'Cyril's Success.' * * * It is really as pure a comedy of the day as has been produced for many years. * * * It is a thoroughly interesting, sprightly, polished, and withal interesting play. * * *
We may add that the triumph of the play was continued to the last, and that Mr. Byron was loudly called for."
[From the London Athenæum, Dec. 5, 1868.]
"Each recent piece by Mr. Bryon has been an advance upon its predecessor. Still nothing in his previous career gave token of his ability to write a work like 'Cyril's Success.' * * * The piece was a genuine success."
[London Era, Dec. 6, 1868.]
"'Cyril's Success,' written with remarkable ability, is arranged with great tact. * * * It is quite able to keep the attention of the audience unflaggingly engaged."
It has 9 male and 5 female characters.
*** The undersigned is ready to furnish manuscript copies of the above-mentioned works, for a moderate price. Any further information given, on application to him.

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in a Prologue and Three Acts. By Henry J. Byron.

This play has been very successfully produced at the Holborn Theatre, London. This piece has 9 male, 4 female characters. I will send a perfect copy for $25.

"THE LANCASHIRE LASS."—In
a Prologue and Four Acts. By Henry J. Byron.

This is one of the most effective pieces that has been brought out for some time. It is having a great run at the Queen's Theatre, London, and has drawn great houses at Wallack's, in this city. This piece contains 12 male, 3 female characters. I will send a perfect copy for $25.

"AFTER DARK."—A Drama, in
Four Acts. By Dion Boucicault.

Admitted by the press and the play-goers to be the very best piece that this great dramatist has ever written. It is full of startling effects and strong dramatic situations. It will not overtask a moderately strong company. This piece contains 14 male, 3 female characters. I will send a perfect copy for $25. But all persons desiring to perform "After Dark," must, before purchasing the play from me, obtain the consent of Mr. Augustin Daly to the performance of the Railroad Scene in it. Applications for that purpose, made to the undersigned, will be submitted to Mr. Daly."

"FOUL PLAY.—A Drama, in 4
Acts, Dramatized from a Novel written by Wilkie Collins, and Dion Boucicault.

This version of the Play is by far the most compact and effective, and is the production of Mr. Boucicault himself. This piece contains 10 Male, 3 Female characters. I will furnish a perfect copy of this piece for $25.

"ARRAH-NA-POGUE; or, THE
WICKLOW WEDDING."—A Drama, in three Acts, by Dion Boucicault.

It is almost needless to say that this is one of the very best plays ever written, and never fails to cause tears or laughter as the subtle author strikes the chords of deep grief or hearty mirth. It is an immense success wherever played. This piece contains 14 Male, 2 Female Characters. I will send a perfect copy for $25.
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ORIENTAL CIRCUS, EGYPTIAN CARAVAN AND ANIMAL EXHIBITION
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MONDAY, APRIL 19TH.
Ladies and gentlemen engaged for the season will please report at that place by the date announced above. (51-2t) J. M. FRENCH.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON
BURLESQUE TROUPE.
NOTICE.—In answer to numerous letters and inquiries, no positive date can be fixed for the appearance of the troupe in any provincial city; but it is their intention to make a tour through some of the leading towns at the termination of their engagement in New York.
Provincial managers and the public are cautioned against traveling companies representing their right to produce the burlesque of "Ixion," as performed by the Lydia Thompson Troupe.
NIBLO'S GARDEN, New York, March 15, 1869. 50-4t

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Having concluded a splendid week's business at
OLD'S OPERA HOUSE,
MUSCATINE, IOWA,
per setting in one week to
SIX THOUSAND PERSONS,
I cheerfully recommend the above Opera House to the traveling profession generally, it being large, well heated and adapted to the wants of all branches of the profession, and is undoubtedly, one of the most popular and centrally located halls in the State.
Respectfully, HARRY WESTON,
43-5t* Manager Martino Illusionist.

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DESIGNING AND
ENGRAVING ON WOOD
FOR ALL PURPOSES.
ROYLANCE & PURCELL,
105 NASSAU ST. N.Y.
Sketches made from scenes or Acts—Positions in Character, or from Manuscript. 11-

JOHN BROUGHAM'S
Last great success,

FRA
Editor

APRIL

The Seven

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